



CALVINIST-CONTACT

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY



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THE CHRISTIAN REFORMED JAPAN MISSION

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

by Rev. Henry Bruinooge, Japan

Some time ago your editor wrote me a letter. I was happily surprised to hear from him since my last touch with Calvinist-Contact was several years ago when I was on furlough and travelled extensively through Canada, visiting many of your churches to speak on our mission work in Japan. I remember with appreciation that I was enthusiastically received and that there was a keen eagerness to hear about Japan and our work.

Now your editor wrote to ask that I write a few articles for Calvinist-Contact because, as he wrote in his letter, "News from Japan may make our people aware of the challenge their church has in this fast-developing country. We know a little about it through the Datsun and Toyota cars and Sony radios, but we don't know enough about everyday life and the spreading of the Word of God."

Well, I am indebted to your editor for reminding me that the Canadian segment of our church would like to learn more of the foreign mission program of our Christian Reformed Church as it relates to Japan, and something about the setting in which this mission action is taking place. We missionaries are specialists in communicating the Gospel but so often we fail to communicate our work to the churches and people at home who support us. In this I too am guilty, and I hope to remedy this failure by slipping some paper in my typewriter now and then to tell you something of what is happening in this little giant of a country called Nippon, not only economically, socially and culturally, but more importantly, from the Christian dimension.

What often amazes me is that people are so impressed that Japan made such a tremendous comeback after the defeat in World War II. Why should they be surprised? Japan today is in many ways the same country that attacked Pearl Harbour, not in being bellicose and eager to expand territorially by invading her neighbors, but in having the ability and capacity to produce goods and progress economically because her people are essentially the same as they have always been . . . hard-working, ingenious, aggressive and industrious. Japan's defeat in the war destroyed that "kamikaze" spirit which sent Zero pilots to suicidal death as they sacrificed their lives to the emperor and the glory of Nippon, and also brought the emperor down to the human level where he remains today in quiet seclusion in his palace in the heart of Tokyo. But that defeat did not destroy the many virtues of the Japanese, and they bounced back hurriedly (with much outside help in the beginning of their post-war recovery years) to become the Number Three nation in Gross National Product.

Actually, Japan had been a sleeping giant for many hundreds of years, long before World War II. Her people had always been hard-working, making a living from a very cruel and harsh land which was 50% mountainous and therefore not arable, and from the sea which surrounded them. The potential for greatness was there even though it was incipient and dormant and hidden from the eyes

of the world. The feudal lords who ruled the land kept all foreigners out except in a few enclaves where they permitted only the Dutch and Portuguese to trade, but the rest of the world never fully realized that Japan existed.

However, there finally emerged a very enlightened man who succeeded in uniting the country politically and who opened up the new Japan by treaty in 1857 to any foreign trade. This was the Emperor Meiji who is written down in Japanese history books as the father of the modern era. Gradually Japan was transformed from a sleeping rurality to an awakening urbanity, from insular isolation to world integration and involvement. Of course the first years were difficult. The people had a marked inferiority complex which is still evident today, and it took a long time to shed the image of country bumpkin. But scholars were sent abroad and they brought the world's wisdom back home with them. Foreign technicians were invited to come and build factories and railroads, and gradually the land was transformed to become the industrial and economic giant it is today. In little more than a hundred years Japan has come on the world scene as a power to be reckoned with and as a land and people with contributions to make to world society and culture.

The visitor from abroad today who comes to visit Tokyo and Osaka, the site of Expo '70, is often taken back with open-mouthed incredulity as he steps out of his plane and sees modern high-speed expressways, streets clogged with sleek new cars, tall 4-storey high office buildings, choice restaurants, mini-skirted office girls and well-dressed businessmen obviously not suffering from low wages, stores stocked with goods of every description, Coca Cola and Scotch whiskey, and a land having absorbed both modern rock and Beethoven music. His first reaction to all this is to say that he is disoriented, that he feels bilked by his travel agent who led him to believe that he was taking a trip to the Orient but now finds himself in a city that looks to him very much like New York, or Paris, or London.

On the other hand, many visitors are pleased that Japan looks so Western and they are delighted that the Japanese seem to have lost their oriental enigmatism and have "become like us".

Let me quote what a modern writer, Richard Halloran, says about this in his new book, *Japan: Images and Realities*:

"Many Americans and Europeans today see Japan as the first genuinely Westernized nation in Asia. We see what appears to be the capacity of the Japanese to copy the ways and thought of the West. We are intrigued by the ability of the Japanese to reform a once-feudal political and social order into an apparently democratic society. We respect Japanese efforts to build an economy that rivals those of the West in organization and productivity. Looking at these and hundreds of other changes in Japan over the last century, many Westerners believe 'the Japanese themselves have



Rev. Henry Bruinooge

changed and are now like us, remaining Japanese and Asian only by the accident of geography.

"This image, however, is an illusion that is reflected from the surface of Japan. Beneath, the essence of Japanese life flows from ideas, ethics, customs and institutions that are anchored deep in Japanese culture and history. The core of Japanese tradition guides the daily lives of the Japanese and directs the internal and external courses of their nation. That core has been little touched by incursions from the West.

"Western influence has changed the face of Japan and the accoutrements of Japanese life, but it has not penetrated the minds and hearts of the Japanese people . . . The Japanese have taken from the West a few things whole (technology), adopted and made Japanese others (political forms, economic organization, and the press), and rejected outright still others (Western religions)."

I take exception to that last phrase, and I will write more specifically about the state of Christianity in Japan today in one of my next articles, as well as to deny that Christianity is a Western religion, but what Mr. Halloran maintains about Japan not really casting off her essential nature, even though from all appearances having become a Western nation, is so very true.

I find it strange that even eminent people make this mistaken judgment. Arnold Toynbee, in his *The World and the West*, says "In China and Korea and Japan today, a century or more after the date at which our modern technology first began to penetrate these countries, we can see the revolutionary effects upon the whole of their culture taking place before our eyes", and Arthur Koestler, in a *Life* magazine article, wrote: "Japan . . . might achieve the first real synthesis in history between the essential values of East and West", and he ends with this little jingle:

"If East is East, and West is West,
Where will Japan come to rest?
In the restless West."

A source of much comfort to President Nixon these days is that Japan remains a loyal and devoted friend. This, in spite of the fact that Japan demanded and won the

return of Okinawa, and there is much tension between Japan and the United States over an imbalance of trade beneficial to Japan. But while friendship continues, Japan remains essentially Japan, with her own political determination and goals, her own mystical and enchanting goals, her own distinctive social structure. Japan in these respects shall not become Western.

Many visitors will be further fooled after visiting Expo '70. In the expansive Senri Hills just outside Osaka, Japan's second largest city, Japan has constructed a world exposition site that is bigger even than Montreal's in 1967. Although I haven't visited Expo '70 yet myself, I have seen enough magazine

pictures, read enough articles and seen enough TV coverage to be impressed with the fact that Japan outdid herself in presenting a magnificent spectacle for the world to see. No doubt people will come away and say that in seeing Japan's contribution to Expo '70 in her own pavilions and shows, they never saw the old Japan they wanted and came to see, but only the psychedelic world of sight and screaming sound the Expo '70 presents as the image of herself. You see, Japan herself fosters that image. She herself would like the world to see how far she has travelled to attain progress. So her show window is decorated with a Western mannequin.

But underneath it all there are

bits and pieces and even huge chunks of an Oriental, Japanese culture that will remain. And should. Who in the world wants the old Japan to disappear, the real Japan to slide beneath the waves?

As a Western missionary who has been here a long time I love this land and people. I am sometimes frustrated and chagrined and perplexed, but like all missionaries who have given their lives to bring the redemptive Gospel of Jesus Christ, we believe it is this Gospel alone which can sweeten the bitter, beautify the ugly, transform but not eradicate the culture, and make this people the people of God.

But more of this later.

THE SPACE PROGRAM AND THE BIBLE

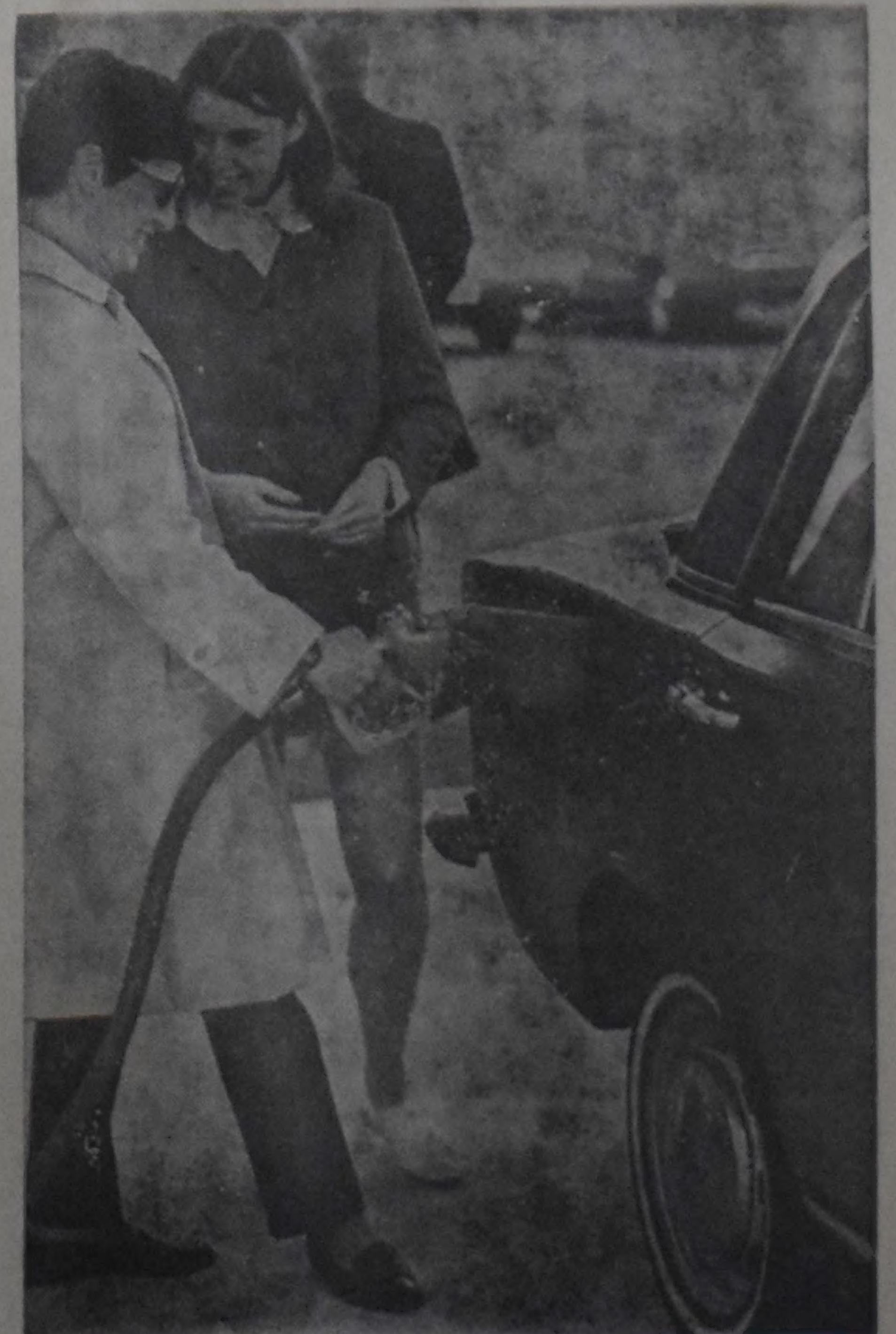
(This is almost too fantastic to believe — but it's true)

Mr. Harold Hill, president of the Curtis Engine Co. in Baltimore, Md., and a consultant in the space program, relates the following development:

"I think one of the most amazing things that God has for us today happened recently to our astronauts and space scientist at Greenbelt, Md. They were checking the position of the sun, moon, and planets out in space where they would be 100 years and 1000 years from now. We have to know this so we don't send a satellite up and have it bump into something later on in its orbits. We have to lay out the orbit in terms of the life of the satellite, and where the planets will be so the whole thing will not bog down. They ran the computer measurement back and forth over the centuries and it came to a halt. The computer stopped and put up a red signal, which meant that there was something wrong either with the info fed into it or with the results as compared to the standards. They called in the service department to check it out and they said, 'It's perfect.' The I.B.M. head of operations said, 'What's wrong?' 'Well, we have found there is a day missing in space in elapsed time.' They scratched their heads and tore their hair. There was no answer!

One religious fellow in the team said, 'You know, one time I was in Sunday School and they talked about the sun standing still.' They didn't believe him, but they did not have any other answer so they said, 'Show us.' So he got a Bible and went back to the book of Joshua where they found the Lord saying to Joshua, 'Fear them not, I have delivered them into thy hand: there shall not a man of them stand before thee.' Joshua was concerned because he was surrounded by the enemy and if darkness fell they would overpower them. So Joshua asked the Lord to make the sun stand still! That's right. 'The sun stood still and the moon stayed . . . and hastened not to go down about a whole day.' The space men said, 'There is the missing day.' Well, they checked the computers going into the time it was written and found it was close but not close enough! The elapsed time that was 23 hours and 20 minutes — was missing back in Joshua's day not a whole day. They read the Bible and there it said, 'about (approximately) a day.'

These little words in the Bible are important. But they were still in trouble because if you cannot account for 40 minutes you'll be in trouble 1000 years from now. Forty minutes had to be found because it can be multiplied many times over in orbits. Well, this religious fellow also remembered somewhere in the Bible it said the sun went backwards. The space men told him he was out of his mind. But they got out the Book, and read those words in II Kings 20, 'Hezekiah, on his deathbed, was visited by the prophet Isaiah, who told him that he was not going to die. Hezekiah did not believe him and asked for a sign of proof.' Isaiah said, 'Do you want the sun to go ahead ten degrees?' Hezekiah said, 'It is nothing for the sun to go ahead ten degrees, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.' Isaiah spoke to the Lord and the Lord brought the shadow ten degrees backward! Ten degrees is exactly 40 minutes! Twenty three hours and 20 minutes in Joshua and 40 minutes in II Kings make the missing 24 hours the space travelers had to log in the log-book as being the missing day in the universe! Isn't that amazing! Our God is rubbing their noses



FIRST SELF SERVICE GAS STATION to be set up in Canada is tried out by Mrs. Margaret McGill and Patti Rootham in Toronto.

Partaking in God's plan

It is striking that in our time, when we can witness a great advancement in science and technology and we are amazed about the discovery of bountiful resources of our planet, that so many people feel bouts of depression. Never before have psychiatrists had so many patients, nor has mental health demanded so much attention as now. Christian believers are no exception. Ask any pastor about his experiences with his parishioners who are at the brink of a "mental breakdown". In spite of all the efforts to remedy this situation, it seems that it is getting worse.

We may thank the Lord that there is a Christian answer to many problems. Institutions such as Pine Rest Christian Hospital render invaluable services to their patients. There are several sufferers from mental illnesses who had paid frequent visits to psychiatrists with no result, while treatment at Pine Rest has helped them to recovery. We are, therefore, very happy to announce that the Rev. Ralph Heynen, hospital chaplain at Pine Rest, has consented to write for our paper, and in the near future we hope to start publishing his contributions.

The Word of the Lord has indeed something to say about these things, it has something to say about every area of human life. There is no field where the Word of the Lord does not address itself. The big question is not whether that Word speaks, but whether we understand it.

That reminds us of a "morning smile" which was printed in a newspaper lately. A minister's little daughter had sneaked into her father's study and watched him making his sermon. After a while she said, "Daddy, does the Lord tell you what to say to the people?" Somewhat surprised, her father replied, "Yes dear, of course, He does. But why do you ask that?" "Oh, I just wondered," came the response, "Why do you have to scratch out so many words?"

It seems to us that this is one of the biggest problems of a preacher. His aim must not be to deliver a sparkling oratory or to teach a lesson. He has to convey the Word of the Lord, so that the people hear their God speaking to them. Do people want to hear that or are they so bundled up in their own interests that there is no room for the message of God.

This reminds us of Elijah. That man was at the end of his rope. And his circumstances gave reason for discouragement. He just had a mass meeting on the Mount Carmel where the people, impressed by the miracle, had shouted, "The LORD, He is God, the LORD, He is God." But the enthusiasm was soon over, because the rain had then come. The judgment was over. And the people can forget so quickly. The mass meeting did not yield any conversions. The only thing left was that Elijah had been threatened by Queen Jezebel that his lot would be equal to that of the Baal priests whom he had killed. And that had made Elijah flee. Elijah did not doubt the power of the Word of God, but still it was pitch dark in his life. So dark that he prayed that the Lord would take him away. He felt he was at the end of the line. He could see no perspective ahead anymore.

And so he fell asleep under a shrub. He had left his servant in Beersheba, while he himself had gone even farther south. But the Lord woke him up. Elijah thought he was finished, but the Lord was not. There was a cake and a bottle of water ready for him, which would carry him for forty days. And then he had to go north. By all means north! That was precisely through the dangerous territory, carrying the Word of the Lord. He had to anoint three people: Hazael, Jehu and Elisha. All three people whom the Lord wished to use in the execution of His covenant love and of His covenant wrath. That was God's plan. And in that plan God wanted Elijah to be on His side, the man who had thought there was no perspective anymore, the man who was convinced it was a hopeless case. "Come on My side," we can almost hear the Lord say, "be My co-labourer and see how much there is to be done."

There may be a message for us in this story. If we are at the end of the rope, if we do not see any possibility anymore, it may be that we did not hear the Lord's call to be on His side. To be wrapped up in your own self does not necessarily mean that you are a patient with mental disturbances. Elijah was not. But it may be necessary for the Lord to wake us up and to show us our task. Elijah thought that he was finished, that his life was empty, until the Lord filled it with His orders. And then we see Elijah go for forty days on what the Lord provided.

God's plan goes on, whether we are ready to serve or not. Blessed are we if the Lord wakes us up to partake in His task.

D.F.

In a land of heartbreak a pastor cries, "Lord, we will not go out from this country. We will stand here. Allow thy church here to be a source of blessing for all around us."

I believe God for Vietnam

by Rev. DOAN-VAN-MIENG

I would like to testify of my faith in God.

It is very difficult for others to understand the sorrow and pain that the Vietnamese people have gone through for the past 23 years. And today there is continuing heavy fighting. Our cemeteries are filled, and the number of orphans and widows is increasing daily. All the 45 provinces of South Viet Nam have military hospitals, and in Saigon there is one institution which always has two or three thousand patients. About 20,000 persons have been permanently maimed.

Every time I think of this situation I have sorrow in my heart. But I am even sadder when I see my people turn their back on God and continue in sin. I know except for the mercy of God my people are worthy of death.

But even in great sorrow I have much to praise the Lord for. We do have one little bit of comfort: we still have freedom, especially the freedom of religion. The Vietnamese are striving to retain this freedom. We do not want war; neither do we want to become slaves.

When it was announced last fall that the American government had decided to stop the bombing of North Viet Nam, people became very disturbed. They thought that the Americans would leave us in the lurch, that sooner or later Viet Nam would be given over to the Communists. Everybody became very pessimistic and had no confidence in the future.

In those days I did not dare read the newspapers. I did not dare listen to the radio, because the news down here on earth saddened me. But I wanted to hear from heaven and so I began to pray and to read God's Word more. I wanted to know what God had for us. For many years I prayed like this: "Lord, in the past — way in the past — you considered 120,000 people in Nineveh and you did not destroy them. Now today, Lord, can't you love the thirty-five million Vietnamese — my thirty-five million people. In that number, Lord, there are over fifty thousand of your children."

The Rev. Doan-Van-Mieng is president of the Viet Nam Gospel Church, which is the oldest and by far the largest Protestant denomination in Viet Nam, and known in other lands as the Christian & Missionary Alliance.

Comfort came to my heart and I continued to pray in this way. I prayed that the Lord would keep on loving the thirty-five million Vietnamese, and I reminded Him that there were more than fifty thousand of His children among them.

Suddenly I remembered China. There were hundreds of thousands of God's children among the seven hundred million Chinese, yet the Lord had let them go into the hands of the Communists, and today they are living in great sorrow and pain. I thought, How can I ask the Lord to love thirty-five million Vietnamese where there are only fifty thousand Christians? I began to despair and my faith sank to the ground.

At that time a Christian asked me, "Mr. President, have you planned where you are going to take us?"

What he meant was that the Christians would have to leave this country because we could not live under Communism. That question was like a sword in my heart. I couldn't answer it. I told him, "I haven't yet talked about it with the National Church Committee so I can't give you any answer."

Soon after that a friend who was not a Christian said: "The Roman Catholic Church plans to go to Australia or New Zealand or Canada. Where are you going to take your church?"

I had no answer and the burden was very, very heavy, not only for the church but for my entire nation. I went into a room alone and knelt down to pray. But I couldn't pray — I didn't know what to pray. My tears flowed. I asked, "Lord, what shall I do? Lord, if I must die for the country to be saved, I am willing." But then I thought, "I am not worthy of sacrificing myself like that." I continued to pray and weep, and again I asked the Lord, "What shall I do?"

I opened the Bible and began to read. I wanted to find some verse

in God's Word on which to stand. I wanted to trust God. But what was my faith to stand on? I knew that I couldn't put my faith in any person, in any government, any nation; I had to put my faith in God. I knew too that the Bible is a book of promises. I must base my faith on His promises, because He is the Almighty God. God's Word, even as God Himself, will never change. He says that all power in heaven and earth is in His hands. And He is forever faithful. So I began to read God's Word very carefully and I sought to find out how the Lord would deal with my country. I continued to pray: "Lord, direct me; I am waiting for You to show me the way."

I believe that by faith we can take the promises of God from history for the present. The promises in God's Word that belong to history I can by faith use for the present for myself. Isaiah 41:10 is an example: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." This promise was true for the Israelites long ago and it can be true for me today.

I began to look in the historical books and I found promises given in a general sense, but I was able to apply them to myself. God is faithful; He cannot lie. I believe that I want to praise Him by believing everything He has said. I want the whole world to know His praise.

I want to testify by the story of Abraham. God promised Abraham three things. First, He promised him the land of Canaan as a heritage; second, that his descendants would be as the stars of the sky and as the sand of the sea; and third, that his descendants would bring blessing to all the people of the world.

Now, these three promises are very large. Outside of God there isn't anyone who can fulfill them. When God gave these promises Abraham didn't own a piece of land. He had nothing where he could put his feet and say, "This

is mine." He had no children. But Abraham believed God and he left Ur of the Chaldees and followed Him. Because Abraham believed God he let Lot take the best piece of land — he knew that Lot was not able to get any of that land, for the Lord had promised it all to his (Abraham's) descendants. Also because of faith he dared to take his only child and prepare to offer him on an altar to God. When Abraham dared to believe like that God could not do anything but honour His promises.

And we know that God did just that. Canaan now belongs to the Israelites. According to the flesh Jesus belongs to the Jews, and by faith we do also. By Jesus Christ all the world has been blessed.

Then I took the promises for myself. I thanked the Lord because He fulfilled His promises to Abraham, and I said, "Lord, will you please apply these promises to me. As you promised the land of Canaan to Abraham I now ask you, Lord, to give us the land of Viet Nam — that we might be able to stay here in this land and worship and serve you here. Not only may we have the privilege of preaching the gospel in South Viet Nam, but will you please open the doors of North Viet Nam, that we may be able to preach there also." And I promised, "Lord, we will not go out from this country. We will stand here. Please honour this promise to me even as you did to Abraham."

Second, I thought how the Lord did a large thing for Abraham when he multiplied his descendants like the stars of the sky and the sand of the sea. So I knelt down and said, "Lord, please give us ten million converts in Viet Nam."

Third, the Lord said that in Abraham's seed all nations of the world would be blessed. So I prayed: "Lord, please allow Thy children and Thy church here to be a source of blessing for all the people around us." Pray that the Lord will answer this prayer and that we will be a source of blessing for all of our people in Viet Nam. We are using all our energies in evangelizing. We are determined to evangelize "deep and wide." We believe that through this God will deliver our country from war and restore peace.

From that time until now every time I kneel down to pray I ask the Lord for these three things: "Give us the land of Viet Nam; allow us to stay here and worship and serve Thee; give us ten million converts. Please, Lord, let the church become a source of blessing for the entire nation."

I stand firmly on the promises of God because I know that the Lord can do far more than I've asked. Sometimes my soul has been shaken and I have had to turn back to God and He has rebuked me. The Lord reminds me of what happened to the Israelites in the wilderness. He gave Canaan to the Israelites and told them to go into the land. The Lord said, "Go on in. Do not be afraid."

But there were certain Israelites who would not go in. It wasn't because their enemies were stronger than they. It wasn't because they lacked food or weapons. The reason they were able to go in was that they did not believe. Unbelief hindered them. Unbelief robbed them of a great blessing. Unbelief killed them. I asked the Lord to save me from unbelief. I asked Him to give me faith to be firm before Him because it is only by that faith that I can praise Him. If I do not believe Him I will offend Him. I will show Him up as somebody that lies.

So I take these promises to Abraham and apply them to myself today. And I believe that God will fulfil them, and I thank Him.

From "Light of Life".

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Edmonton—CHQT	8:30 a.m.	1110	Hamilton—CKOC	8:00 a.m.	1150
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Lethbridge—CHEC	8:30 p.m.	1090	Ottawa—CFRA	8:00 a.m.	580
Med. Hat—CHAT	8:30 p.m.	1270	Orillia—CFOB	9:00 p.m.	1570
Peace River—CKYL	7:00 p.m.	610	Owen Snd.—CFOS	6:00 p.m.	560
BRITISH COLUMBIA			Pembroke—CHOV (Wed.)	10:30 p.m.	1350
Burns Lake—CFLD	1:00 p.m.	1400	Peterbor.—CHEX	7:00 a.m.	980
Langley—CJJC	10:05 a.m.	850	Sarnia—CHOK	8:30 a.m.	1070
Osoyoos—CKOO	9:30 p.m.	1240	St. Cathar.—CHSC	8:30 a.m.	1220
Penticton—CKOK	9:30 p.m.	800	St. Thomas—CHLO	12:30 p.m.	1570
Smithers—CFBV	1:00 p.m.	1280	Stratford—CJCS	2:00 p.m.	1240
Terrace—CFTK (Tues.)	10:08 p.m.	590	Toronto—CKEY	8:50 a.m.	590
Vancouver—CKVN	9:30 a.m.	1410	Toronto—CHIN-FM	8:00 a.m.	100.7 Meg.
Vernon—CJIB	10:00 a.m.	940			
MANITOBA			QUEBEC		
Altona—CFAM	9:30 a.m.	950	Montreal (Verdun)—		
Steinbach—CHSM	9:30 a.m.	1250	CKVL	8:30 a.m.	850
NEW BRUNSWICK			SASKATCHEWAN		
Fred'ton—CFNB	10:30 a.m.	550	Halifax—CJCH	9:00 a.m.	920
			Kentville—CKEN	7:05 p.m.	1250
			Middleton—CKAD	7:05 p.m.	1490
			Windsor—CFAB	7:05 p.m.	1450
			Prince Albert CKBI	3:00 p.m.	900
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AL WAT REIN IS

In een van de straten van ons kleine, landelijke plaatsje liep een mevrouw. Ze droeg een groot plakkaat. Daarop konden we lezen waartegen ze protesteerde. Het bleek dat ze het niet eens was met de manier waarop wij onze omgeving verontreinigen.

Waar hij zo gauw vandaan kwam, is me nog en raadsel, maar een ijverige reporter begon haar vragen te stellen waarna hij haastig haar antwoorden noteerde. Belangstellend bleef ik er bij staan. Mensen die ergens tegen protesteerden zijn tenslotte blij met een beetje aandacht. Deze mevrouw was erg gedeceerd in haar uitlatingen. Er rees een zekere bewondering voor haar in me op toen bleek dat ze ook wel de daad bij het woord wist te voegen. Verschillende moderne gemakken waarvan haar huis voorzien was, stonden ijdel omdat ze teveel electriciteit gebruikten, wat onvermijdelijk een harder werkende en dus méér vuil spuwende centrale tot gevolg zou hebben. Ze hoopte vurig dat andere huisvrouwen haar voorbeeld zouden volgen, want vele kleintjes maken één grote, nietwaar?

Ik stond, met de reporter, instemmend te knikken maar staarde het volgende moment, terwijl een brandend rood mijn wangen kleurde, verslagen naar m'n schoenpunten. De mevrouw bleek een passie te hebben voor de idee van de vele kleintjes die de ene grote maken, zodoende had ze ook niet veel op met al die kleine babietjes die zich onschuldig voordoen, maar intus de mogelijkheid in zich dragen, op te groeien tot één grote, hun omgeving verontreinigende massa. Grootmoedig dacht ze elk ouderpaar toch nog twee kinderen toe. Ik voelde de last van een zware schuld tegenover mijn medemens en op m'n schouders drukken en zo onopvallend mogelijk schuifde ik uit het groepje weg. Ze moest het eens weten dat wij zes kinderen hadden! Het zou haar strijd tegen de verontreiniging maar verzwaren!

Hoe hadden we ook zo onverantwoordelijk kunnen zijn! Mismoedig dacht ik aan de vier grote, uitpuilende plastic zakken waarmee we elke week de vuilnisman bedenken. Aan de emmers en emmers met vuil op die na de was hun weg in de riolen maar moeten vinden. Stel je voor, als wij onze plicht verstaan hadden, had tweederde van al dit afval nooit geproduceerd behoeven te worden. Ik had moeite om uit te

rekenen op hoeveel vuilniszakken we dan per week zouden komen en besloot toen maar om er niet verder over te tobben, er was immers niets meer aan te doen. Dat is maar goed ook, bedacht ik me en voelde me weer wat opgewekter. Mijn overleggingen kwamen in wat meer constructieve banen. Zes kinderen kunnen tenslotte uitgroeien tot een talrijk nageslacht en 't zou me toch wel wat waard zijn als er voor onze achterkleinkinderen ook nog wat frisse lucht overbleef.

Hoe zou ik daartoe mijn steentje kunnen bijdragen? Stel, dat ik nu ook eens consequent afstand zou doen van alle moderne gemakken waarvan ons huis weliswaar niet rijk, maar toch redelijk goed voorzien is.

Al mijmerend vergat ik de helft van mijn boodschappen, maar dat bemerkte ik pas toen ik weer thuis kwam. Allereerst zou de dryer op non-actief gezet moeten worden, want volgens die mevrouw was dat een electriciteitsvretter eerste klas. Op een mooie zomermorgen zou ik dat offer met liefde en opgewektheid voor m'n omgeving brengen, maar in de winter kon dat half uur bij de waslijn me wel eens een flinke kou bezorgen en waar moest ik dan weer met al die bacillen blijven? In plaats van met de stofzuiger zou ik het huis wel weer met bezemen kunnen keren, maar de stofwolken leken me wel wat bezwaarlijk voor de longen. Mijn grootmoeder had vroeger een groot kolenfornuis in haar keuken staan en van verre zag je de schoorsteen al roken als het weer eens lekker opgestookt werd. Als alle elektrische fornuizen plaats zouden moeten maken voor zo'n apparaat dan zou er tegen etenstijd dunkt me haast een zonsverduistering optreden. Je zou 's avonds natuurlijk ook doodmoe zijn van al dat ongewone werk, maar je ontspannen met een mooie plaat op de record-player of bij een gezellig T.V. programma was dan natuurlijk ook uit den boze. Naar de vrouwenvereniging of naar de P.T.A.? Ga je gang, als je de car maar in de garage laat staan. Op de fiets met je vermoeide botten, of lopen, door weer en wind.

Ik begon er aan te twijfelen of we, door een paar stappen terug te doen, werkelijk in staat zouden zijn om de hindernis van de verontreiniging te nemen. Het komt afval nooit geproduceerd behoeven te worden. Ik had moeite om uit te

stig probleem is, dat we dan ook als zodanig moeten beschouwen. Daarbij zullen we er voor op moeten passen dat we het verleden niet gaan idealiseren. Het was toen b.v. lang niet altijd zo gemakkelijk als nu om hygienisch te werk te gaan en ik heb dertig jaar geleden óók wel kindertjes zien spelen aan de kant van een sloot waar de riolering op uit kwam. Sommige moderne uitvindingen, zoals de stofzuiger, voorkomen zelfs pollution. (Dat woord ligt ons hier nu eenmaal makkelijk in de mond dan verontreiniging!) Ander apparaten voorkomen het dat we ons als huisvrouwen overwerken. Er worden aan ons nu eenmaal andere eisen gesteld dan aan onze grootmoeders.

Gedachten kunnen vaak rare sprongen maken. Terwijl ik m'n boodschappen wegruimde en wel moest constateren dat er voor het probleem van de pollution geen oplossing in een handomdraai te vinden was, drong zich een, volgens mij, veel dringender kwestie aan me op. Als wij daar onze aandacht en energie nu eens met zoveel elan op zouden richten! Op het gevaar namelijk, dat een gezond geestelijk leven van ons en onze kinderen bedreigt. Dat gevaar is niet denkbeeldig. Integendeel. Het woekert bedwelmend en verstikkend voort en ontelbaar zijn de slachtoffers die met zieke en verminkte zielen verder leven. Vaak, en dit is zo erg, zonder het te beseffen. Dit gevaar loert aan alle kanten. Het dringt tot in onze binnenste binnenkamers. Toch reageren wij vaak nauwelijks en laten het roet en de vuiligheid van het gesproken en geschreven woord en van het suggestieve beeld ongehinderd tegen onze zielevensters slaan. Het uitzicht op alles wat rein is wordt ons daardoor ontnomen. Deert ons dat dan niet?! Hoe zou het lichaam zich kunnen vermeien in frisse lucht en onbeëmet water, als de ziel naar adem haapt?

Pollution is geen plezierig onderwerp. Toch vinden allen die naar een oplossing zoeken voor dit probleem, een welwillend oor. De mensen zijn bang voor hun hachje!

Wie er zich aan waagt om over de verontreiniging van de geest te spreken, riskeert zijn populariteit en vindt nauwelijks gehoor. Zullen we dus maar zwijgen en daarmee het medicijn waarvan wij het geheim kennen, aan onze medemens onthouden? Of is het misschien zo, dat wij zelf eerst nog wat dieper onder de indruk moeten komen van de dodelijke ernst der situatie en aldus kostbare tijd verloren laten gaan . . . ?

Linda

Postuum Eerherstel voor Prof. Dr. K. Schilder en Prof. Dr. S. Greijdanus

De generale synode van de Gereformeerde Kerken zal in de zitting die zij van 27 tot 29 april zal houden een voorstel behandelen om postuum eerherstel te verlenen aan prof. dr. K. Schilder en prof. dr. S. Greijdanus. Commissie V., waarvan ds. H. Schut rapporteur is, heeft naar aanleiding van enkele ingekomen stukken een rapport opgesteld. Aan het eind daarvan heeft zij de volgende voorstellen gedaan:

De synode heeft kennisgenomen

van de brieven van de kerkeraden van Rotterdam-Z. (Katendrecht), Amsterdam-Zuid (Overtoom) en Amsterdam-West (Slotermeer/Geuzenveld), behelzende o.m. verzoeken tot concrete schuldbelijdenis i.v.m. de tuchtmaatregelen van 1944.

De synode overweegt

1. dat de tuchtmaatregelen van 1944 onmogelijk zijn los te denken van de leerbeslissingen van 1942;
2. dat deze leerbeslissingen bedoeld waren als interpretatie van bepaalde onderdelen van de gereformeerde belijdenis;
3. dat vanuit de eenmaal genomen leerbeslissingen met een haast dwingende inherente kracht de volgende synode geleid werd tot de uiterste consequenties t.w. de tuchtmaatregelen van 1944, nl. de schorsing en afzetting van de professoren Schilder en Greijdanus en de wering van kandidaat H. J. Schilder uit het ambt van predikant.

De synode spreekt uit

1. dat zij de roeping en de bedoeling van de synode van Utrecht 1943-1945, om de belijdenis en orde der kerk te handhaven, erkent en begrijpt;
2. dat het nemen van de leerbeslissingen van 1942 niet beantwoordde aan de roeping onzer kerken tot het beleven van de ware katholiciteit der kerk van Christus,
3. omdat tengevolge van het falen der broederlijke en interne communicatie binnen onze kerken in ernstige mate was verstoord;
4. omdat het ten eenenmale ontbroken heeft aan het nodige overleg met de andere kerken in Nederland die dezelfde gereformeerde belijdenis bezitten;
5. omdat de synode, ondanks aandrang van verschillende kanten, niet heeft willen wachten tot na het einde van de oorlog met de afhandeling der bezwaarschriften en wat daaruit voortvloeide, om alsdan te kunnen komen tot een grondig besaad met de eigen kerken in Indonesië en tot een consultatie met de zusterkerken van eenzelfde confessie in het buitenland.

3. dat het onder punt 2 gestelde grotendeels ook geldt van de beslissingen en uitspraken van de buitengewone synode van Utrecht 1946 (de zgn. vervangingsformule enz.).

De synode besluit:

1. tot het intrekken van de leeruitspraken van 1942 en de vervangingsformule van 1946;
2. tot het vervallen verklaren van de tuchtmaatregelen van 1944, omdat die van de leerbeslissingen van 1942 een logisch, maar desniettemin toch onverantwoord en schuldig stellend gevolg waren;
3. tot het openlijk erkennen van haar schuld in dezen voor het aanzicht van God en ten overstaan van de vrijgemaakte broeders en zusters;
4. tot het openlijk postuum in hun kerkelijke eer herstellen van de professoren Schilder en Greijdanus;
5. tot het alsnog mogelijk maken van een ambtsaanvaarding in onze kerken door br. H. J. Schilder, thans vrijgemaakt hoogleraar te Kampen;
6. tot het richten van een brief zowel naar de synode van de Vrijgemaakte Kerken als naar de "Vrijgemaakte Kerken buiten het verband" met de mededeling van het beslotene en een dringend verzoek tot samenspreking;
7. tot het toezenden van besluit en rapport aan de adressanten.

"Kerknieuws"



DE HEER EN MEVROUW J. F. VAN DER WOUDE uit Nederland ontvangen hier hun Canadese staatsburgerschap certificaten van Z.E. Robert Stanbury, Minister zonder portefeuille, die verantwoordelijk is voor staatsburgerschap. De heer Stanbury is van plan in elke provincie aan dergelijke plechtigheden deel te nemen, om daarmee aan te tonen dat de Regering het aannemen van het Canadese staatsburgerschap door immigranten van groot belang vindt. Men verwacht dat dit jaar ruim zestigduizend mensen Canadees burger zullen worden. Tegen het einde van juni hoopt de heer Stanbury zijn reis door alle provincies voltooid te hebben. Nooit tevoren heeft een Minister zich zoveel moeite getroost om zich persoonlijk op de hoogte te stellen.

ONS FEUILLETON

WIJDER DAN DE WERELD

door S. P. Akkerman

HOOFSTUK 42

"Heeft u er misschien iets op tegen?" vraagt Andries en er is een vreemde klank in zijn stem, die zijn vader had moeten waar- schuwen, maar het niet doet.

"Op tegen? Nou, wat zal ik zeggen. Je weet het wel vreemd te zoeken: eerst met die dochter van een hulstkoopman en nu met deze Hiltje."

Andries loopt rood aan. "Deze Hiltje? Wat is daar dan mee?"

"Ze is nogal eigenaardig, vind ik. Ja, haar vader was een boer, maar van de koude grond."

Zie, dat kan Andries nu net niet meer hebben. Hiltje heeft hem van haar vader verteld. Dat hij jaren lang met zijn maag sukkelde, de pijn verbeet en toch door werkte. Hij hoort het haar zeggen: Wat vader aan pijn heeft uitgestaan, is niet te zetten. En toch was hij nooit opstandig. Vaak opgewekt zelfs. "Zo'n beste vader," zei Hiltje altijd . . . En nu noemt vader deze man, die als een held heeft geleefd, "een boer van de koude grond".

"Ik geloof, vader, dat u praat over dingen waar u niets van af weet. Kende u Beeksmas zo goed? Kent u Hiltje soms?" Blomhuus kende Beeksmas inderdaad maar zeer oppervlakkig, hoe dicht ze ook bij elkaar woon- den. Hij voelt wel, dat Andries wat gelijk heeft, maar hij geeft het niet toe.

"Dat nu juist niet," zegt hij, "en de man zal wel goed zijn geweest, maar zo te zien als boer was hij niet veel. En dat jij nu met dat meisje gaat, dat daar als een kluisenaar

op dat oude spul omhangt. Nee, mijn smaak is het niet."

Voor al dat laatste komt er laatdunkend uit. Maar dan staat die goede, meegaande Andries opeens vlak vóór hem. "Dan is het uw smaak maar niet! Maar laat ik dan zeggen, dat het de mijne wel is, Hiltje is een goed meisje, en ik wil haar en geen ander. En ik hoop dat u er vrede mee zult hebben. En anders . . ."

Blomhuus doet er het zwijgen toe. Zó kent hij zijn jongen niet . . .

Andries heeft zichzelf alweer in bedwang. "Ik had het nog aan niemand verteld," zegt hij. "Maar ik dacht, vader moet het nu maar weten."

Het doet Blomhuus wel weer goed, dat de jongen het hem het eerst vertelt. Maar het is hem toch bitter tegen gevallen, dat zijn jongen het bij Hiltje Beeksmas zoekt. De sloot is bijna opgeschoond. Andries is met het laatste stukje bezig. "Je redt het nu wel alleen," zegt Blomhuus. "Ik heb thuis nog het een en ander te doen." Hij keert zich om en beent naar de boerderij. Andries kijkt hem met gemengde gevoelens na . . .

Blomhuus treft het. Zijn vrouw is alleen in de kamer. Direct steekt hij van wal: "En nu raad jij in geen tien keer, waar onze Andries verkering mee heeft."

Ze gaat er even voor zitten, en dan zoekt haar man ook een stoel.

"Andries? Heeft die verkering?" Er is een klein lichtje in haar donkere ogen.

"En moet ik raden met wie?"

"Ja, maar je raadt het nooit."

"Goed, ik zal het proberen. Met Hiltje Beeksmas soms . . ."

Blomhuus zit haar verbaasd aan te staren. "Waarom juist met die?" vraagt hij.

Ze lacht weer. "Waarom niet? Heb ik het geraden?"

"Je maakt mij niks wijs. Je wist het dus. Heeft hij het je verteld?"

"Nee, dat niet. Ik geloof dat hij het eerder aan jou zou vertellen dan aan mij . . . of niet?"

"Ja, misschien wel. Hij heeft het mij zo juist verteld. Maar hoe weet jij het dan?"

"Och, onze Lies kwam er mee thuis. Ik dacht, ik praat er maar niet over . . . Het kan ook met een paar keer weer afgelopen zijn, hè?"

"En hoe vind jij dat dan?"

Zij trekt haar schouders op. "Hoe vind jij het?"

"Mijn smaak niet. Zo'n meisje daar alleen op dat oude spul . . ."

"Heb je dat ook tegen Andries gezegd?"

"Ja, natuurlijk . . ."

"Dat was dan niet verstandig, als ik het zeggen mag."

Blomhuus zit wat bedremmeld te kijken. "O nee? En waarom niet?"

"Omdat jij ten eerste dat meisje niet kent. Verhalen van dat zo alleen op het oude spul wonen, zijn kletspraatjes. Men kan het kind bewonderen dat ze dat aandurft. En als Andries nu van dat meisje houdt, en jij komt dan met van die smalende dingen, dan jaag je de jongen maar tegen je in het harnas."

"Dus jij vindt het wel goed?"

"Ik zou niet weten wat er tegen is. Maar jij, Sikke, jij beoordeelt je kinderen te veel naar je eigen inzicht. Toen Jetse met Akke ging, jubelde je ook niet. Toen Siebe met Riekie ging, had je ook veel bezwaren. Lies en Klaas, Willem en Nel, ik geloof niet, dat jij er ooit zo blij mee bent geweest. Zij hebben een eigen leven en een eigen keus. En, als er niets is, waarom wij echt tegen hen in moeten gaan . . ."

Blomhuus loopt de kamer op en neer. Hij heeft nu eenmaal een opbruisende natuur. Hij weet het wel: zijn vrouw is in veel dingen verstandiger dan hij. Maar hij geeft dat zo maar niet toe. "Maar eens kijken wat ervan wordt," zegt hij, en gaat de kamer uit.

Op de hoge zeedijk zitten ze naast elkaar: Klaas de Roos en Lies Blomhuus. Twee donkere silhouetten tegen de lichte lucht boven de Waddenzee. Achter hen in het vlakke land tussen de vele bomen ligt de boerderij waar Klaas werd geboren, Lies is al aardig thuis in deze streek.

Met Klaas bij haar is ze overal thuis. Grijsgroen is de zee, ver wegwijkend naar

onbekende verten. En blauw is de hemel, waarlangs witte meeuwen zwieren.

Klaas kijkt naar zijn meisje. Wonderlijk eigenlijk, hoe je elkaar als mensen vindt: toen ze bij haar tante logeerde . . .

En ze passen zo goed bij elkaar, ze houden van elkaar, ze zijn één in het geloof en samen bereid zich in te zetten, waar God hen gebruiken wil. "Wie weet waar we volgend jaar zitten," zegt hij.

"Daar zal het in ieder geval wel een beetje warmer zijn dan hier, Lies"

Ze lacht onbekommerd. "Dan warm," zegt ze, "met jou is het overal goed."

Klaas kijkt achterom over het bouwland van zijn vader . . .

Daar is de boerderij waar hij opgroeide. Vader zal hem wel erg missen. Trouwens, Lies' ouders haar ook.

"Zie je er werkelijk niet tegen op, om zo ver van je ouders, en je land weg te trekken?" vraagt hij voor de zoveelste keer.

Ze komt dicht naast hem zitten, slaat de armen om zijn hals en geeft hem een stevige zoen. "Weet je het nu nog niet, ouwe zeur," zegt ze, "met jou wil ik overal wonen . . . en nou ja, dat andere weet je ook wel: we gaan waar wij geroepen worden . . ." En dan krijgt ze een kleur over zoveel grote woorden.

Een tijdlang zitten ze zwijgend dicht naast elkaar. De zon zakt in het westen. Enkele Groninger kustvaarders varen aan de kim voorbij. Zwarte streepjes in het oneindige grijs.

Over het land trekt langzaam een witte deken van dauw. De boerderij steekt er als een donker eiland boven uit.

"Kom, wij gaan naar huis," zegt Klaas.

De armen om elkaar geslagen lopen ze de smalle weg tussen de bomen, dan de bochtige reed, en daar is de boerderij.

Op het erf staat zijn vader. Kalm als altijd. Een toonbeeld van rust.

"Zo jongelui," zegt hij, "mooi op tijd. Wij wilden juist brood eten."

Met bedachtzame stappen loopt hij naast hen het huis binnen.

(Wordt vervolgt)

HET GEBOD DER LIEFDE

Vriendschap is een kostbaar iets. Het is meer dan iemand alleen maar kennen. Het is best mogelijk dat iemand ontzettend veel mensen kent en dat erg veel mensen hem kennen en dat hij toch door het leven gaat zonder vriendschap. Vriendschap veronderstelt liefde. Niet in sentimentele zin, maar op z'n best in christelijke zin. Het zijn de woorden van de Heiland zelf, dat niemand groter liefde toont, dan degene die zijn leven geeft voor zijn vrienden (Joh. 15). Het is niet zonder betekenis, dat Jezus Zijn discipelen ervan overtuigd heeft, dat Hij hen waarlijk liefhad, maar er tegelijkertijd het gebod aan vastgekoppeld heeft, dat zij elkander zouden liefhebben. En de apostel Johannes heeft het later nog eens onderstreept, dat het elkaar liefhebben een gebod is.

De synode van de gereformeerde kerken (synodaal) in Nederland wil nu de professoren Schilder en Greydanus posthuum eerherstellen. Posthuum wil eigenlijk zeggen, dat het al te laat is. Maar het is niet alleen te laat omdat deze professoren niet meer in leven zijn, het zou eigenlijk nimmer nodig geweest moeten zijn, indien het gebod van de liefde indertijd meer in acht genomen was.

En wij doen er goed aan, wie wij ook zijn en hoe wij ook denken, nu, op dit moment, dit goddelijk gebod tot ons te laten doordringen, dat wij liefhebben zullen. Dat is inherent aan het christelijk geloof. Dat is maar niet een prettige konsekwentie. Het is een essentieel deel van dat geloof. Het is een schakel die niet ontbreken kan. Haal de liefde er uit en je hebt het christelijk geloof kapot gemaakt. Of, zoals de apostel Paulus het markant uitdrukte, je kunt de beste gaven en talenten tonen die je maar wilt, maar als de liefde ontbreekt, dan blaas je al die gaven zo maar weg. Dan blijft er niets van over.

In het nummer van verleden week gaven wij een artikel over de *Laundale kwestie* in Chicago. Dit keer van Rev. Viss. Enige tijd geleden hebben wij een artikel geplaatst van Dr. Kooistra over dezelfde kwestie. De meningen van die twee artikelen staan wel tegenover elkaar. Of om het anders te zeggen: wij zijn nu van beide kanten ingelicht. En de synode van de Christian Reformed Church moet er zich nu het hoofd over breken wat er gedaan moet worden.

Denk niet dat de kwestie gemakkelijk is. Ze is uiterst gecompliceerd en zij kan eigenlijk niet beoordeeld worden door iemand, die er niet direct bij betrokken is. Het is daarom goed, dat Rev. Viss ons de andere zijde van het gebeure doet zien. En hij doet dit op een manier, waardoor men niet bevooroordeeld wordt.

Men moet het zich goed indenken. Worden er zwarte kinderen in de Timothy school toegelaten, dan dreigen scherpe represailles. Dat is blijkbaar niet uit de lucht gegrepen. Men schijnt voldoende gronden voor die vrees te hebben. En als dat gebeurt, dan kunnen niet alleen de zwarte kinderen geen christelijk onderwijs meer krijgen, maar ook de blanke kinderen niet. Dan is het met het christelijk onderwijs in Timothy voorlopig gedaan.

Begrijpen wij het goed, dan is dit de gedachte die het bestuur van de Timothy school in Chicago bezig houdt.

Ja, en toch... Niemand heeft groter liefde, dan die zijn leven geeft voor zijn vrienden. Laat niemand nu zeggen, dat wij dat gemakkelijk op een afstand kunnen zeggen. Dat weten wij terdege. Maar ook, uiteindelijk gaat het er niet om welk oordeel u of ik hebben over de situatie, maar welk oordeel Christus heeft. Stel nu eens dat het ergste gebeurt en dat die school in brand gaat omdat er zwarte kinderen zijn toegelaten, wat dan? Wij bekennen het eerlijk, wij weten niet wat dan. Wij denken er alleen maar aan, dat de grootste liefde is, dat iemand zijn leven geeft voor zijn vrienden (laat staan een schoolgebouw). Denk er om, dat dit het gebod van de Heiland is. Zou het kunnen zijn, dat wij dit in geloof en vertrouwen aan de Heiland kunnen overgeven? Durven wij dat? Hebben wij zoveel vertrouwen in Hem, dat wij de konsekwenties in Zijn handen laten voor ons gehoorzamen aan Zijn gebod?

Dit is maar geen gemakkelijke oplossing, die op een afstand wordt gegeven. Wij hebben volledig begrip voor de moeilijke positie van de Timothy Board. Maar wij hebben ook begrip voor de vaak ondragelijke toestand waarin vele negers in de Verenigde Staten verkeren. Een boek als "Black Like Me" heeft een diepe indruk op ons gemaakt. Voor de positie van de zwarten in de States moeten wij eveneens begrip opbrengen. En wij zouden er goed aan doen te bedenken, dat Christus ons niet aanneemt op grond van de kleur van onze huid.

Liefde (en laten wij dit nu goed tot ons laten doordringen) is lankmoedig, goedertieren, niet afgunstig, handelt niet lichtvaardig, is niet opgeblazen, zoekt zichzelf niet, is niet verbitterd, denkt geen kwaad, bedekt alle dingen, gelooft alle dingen, verdraagt alle dingen (1 Cor. 13). Waarom? Omdat de liefde uit God is. (1 Joh. 4:7).

De ruimte van de Geest

Met veel instemming las ik het artikel "Het kan niet missen" van D.F. in Calvinist Contact van 30 april.

Ook ik heb meerdere keren gehoord dat de gereformeerden van vroeger — zelf ben ik pas op latere leeftijd gereformeerd geworden — inderdaad leefden vanuit een dogmatische zelfverzekerdheid, waardoor een ongegroepsgeest en een ghetto mentaliteit werd aangekweekt. Men sloot zich op in de clan; men was bang voor het contact met anderen, omdat men, zonder zich daar wellicht van bewust te zijn, toch niet zo heel zeker was van zichzelf. Men trachtte die intellectuele verzekerdheid in stand te houden door het peneren van krachtige stellingen en door veel omheiningen aan te brengen rondom de eigen groep. Het gevolg was dat onze kerken weinig werkkraft bezaten. Een buitenstaander voelde al te snel, dat de aanvaarding van het Evangelie bij de gereformeerden tevens betekende de aanvaarding van allerlei geheiligde overleveringen van de vaders en zelfs van politieke opvattingen.

Daar is een geweldige kentering in gekomen. Er zijn twee kerken in Nederland die enorm veranderd zijn, allereerst de r.k. kerk, maar onmiddellijk daarop volgende de gereformeerde kerken.

De ruimte van de wereld

De gereformeerde kerken zijn de ruimte ingestapt. Helaas moet ik zeggen, dat dit niet is de ruimte van de Heilige Geest, maar de ruimte van de wereld.

Op allerlei wijzen wil men meedoen en tonen dat men niet meer de ghetto-gereformeerden is van

vroeger. Ik meen dat daaruit ten diepste de steeds verder voortschrijdende Schriftkritiek voortkomt.

"Heus, wij, gereformeerden, aanvaarden de Bijbel niet meer op zo'n eenvoudige wijze als vroeger. Wij durven ook opruiming te houden. Adam? Denk toch niet dat wij nog geloven dat die werkelijk heeft bestaan! Zo kinderlijk zijn we heus niet meer! Een erfzonde? Kom nou. We zijn het helemaal eens met de r.k. Nieuwe Katechismus, wanneer die zegt dat de zonde van Adam precies eenzelfde soort zonde is als die van ons en dat we daar geen aparte betekenis aan moeten hechten (p. 309). Allerlei wonderen van de Bijbel? De drijvende bijl van Elisa? Jonas in de grote vis? De stater die Petrus in de bek van de vis vond? Nee hoor, dat vinden wij ook helemaal te onwaarschijnlijk. Zo onnozel zijn we niet dat we dat zo maar letterlijk opvatten."

In de Bijbel worden wij steeds opgeroepen om onze diepste motieven te doorgronden en om de geesten te toetsen of ze uit God zijn. Zonder ook maar iemand persoonlijk deze drijfveren aan te wijzen, kan ik toch niet aan de indruk ontkomen, dat bovenvermelde tendens naar wereldgelijkvormigheid achter die aantasting van het Schriftgezag zit. Waarom anders is men daar voortdurend mee bezig? Waarom schrijft en preekt men niet gewoon over de historische Adam en over de echte wonderen zoals Jonas in de vis, zoals Jezus Zelf ook deed?

De twijfel tot dogma verheven

Ook uit allerlei andere uitingen krijg ik steeds weer opnieuw de

indruk, dat het uitbreken uit de vroegere ghetto-mentaliteit aan het worden is tot wereldgelijkvormigheid. Men wil "verzwageren met de omliggende volken", het kwaad waaraan Israël te gronde is gegaan (Zie b.v. de waarschuwing in Ezra 9:14).

Een teken daarvan is dat men de twijfel tot dogma verheft, want de twijfel is "in". Iemand die nog met kracht belijdt en getuigt, maakt zich belachelijk in deze tijd.

U hebt misschien ook gehoord over die vrouwelijke ouderlinge die tijdens de Algemene Kerkvergadering van de Ned. Herv. kerk in Driebergen zei: "Ik weet niet of ik over twee jaar misschien mijn kerk zal moeten verlaten. Want ik zit met de vraag: Wie is God? Als mijn zoontje van vijf jaar mij die vraag stelt, weet ik er geen antwoord op".

Gisteravond beluisterde ik een preek, waarin deze uiting van die dame volkomen positief werd geïnterpreteerd in een dankzegging. Het besef van de overweldigende heiligheid Gods en van de eisen van Zijn strenge wet lijkt volkomen te verdwijnen. Men heeft God helemaal binnen deze wereld getrokken. Hij is op een gemeedelijke wijze één van ons geworden.

En de gemeente reageert dikwijls niet eens meer. Langzamerhand worden zo onze mensen vergiftigd met deze nieuwe theorieën, die soms heel bijbels lijken, maar in de grond goddeloos zijn. De duivel speelt een zeldzaam geraffineerd spel en zal de gemeente van Christus volkomen uithollen en oprollen, als daar niet de belofte was van Christus, dat de poorten der hel haar niet definitief zullen overweldigen.

Ds. H. J. Hegger

Gaan we parken of parkeerplaatsen aanleggen?

In Ontario hebben we nog steeds de keus. Uitbreiding zonder planning zou in onze provincie kunnen leiden tot een onplezierige manier van leven. Onze grote steden zouden geteisterd worden door een toestand van vervuiling zonder eind en parkeerterreinen zouden de plaats innemen van parken, waarin onze kinderen zouden kunnen spelen. En de nog verder te ontwikkelen gebieden van Ontario zouden de kans lopen zich te ontwikkelen in iedere denkbare verkeerde richting.

Met dit soort van toekomst kan Ontario eenvoudigweg geen genoegen nemen. Daarom zijn we nu reeds volop bezig met programma's die regionaal beheer en natuurbescherming beogen.

Natuurbescherming

In de loop van het jaar 1969 heeft de provincie meer dan 7 miljoen dollar geïnvesteerd in 38 Conservation Authorities om te helpen verzekeren dat uw kinderen het verschil zullen blijven zien tussen een boom en een telefoonpaal. Als een verdere levensverzekering hebben die Authorities bijna 82.000 acres bos aangekocht en beschermd en meer dan een miljoen jonge bomen helpen planten.

Regionaal beheer

Een nieuw systeem van plaatselijk beheer wordt thans in vele streken van Ontario bestudeerd en ingevoerd. Volgens dit nieuwe systeem, dat stedelijke en landelijke gebieden combineert en coördineert, kan een harmonieuze uitgroei van de ontwikkelings-

planning worden bevorderd. Wanneer aldus grotere samenbundeling van talent en geldmiddelen aan het werk worden gezet voor onze toekomst, hebben we een betere kans dan ooit om de best mogelijke levensvoorwaarden te scheppen voor alle inwoners.

Regionaal beheer en planning kunnen ons helpen bij het bouwen van een betere toekomst. Maar om dit te kunnen volbrengen, hebben wij een sterke economie nodig om onze goede voorname te ondersteunen. Een van de manieren om te helpen: wanneer prijs en kwaliteit vergelijkbaar zijn, koop dan Canadese waar.

Sparen gaat beter dan ooit bij Canada's Eerste Bank.

6 1/2%

U bent het aan Uzelf verschuldigd te sparen.

Uw spaargeld verdient 6 1/2% per jaar, rentebetaling halfjaarlijks berekend over uw minimum maandelijks tegoed.

P.S. Spaarrekening met chequerechten tot 3 1/2%.

Bank of Montreal

The First Canadian Bank



Pioneer Village, vlak bij Toronto, is een van de meer dan 150 beschermde natuurgebieden in Ontario. Tot nu toe hebben provincie en gemeente bijna 150 miljoen dollar besteed voor natuurbescherming. Resultaat: meer dan 35.000 acres ongeroerd land is veilig gesteld voor onze kinderen.



De efficiëntie waarmee de nieuw-opgezette regionale schoolbesturen werken, verzekeren dat uw kinderen het best mogelijke onderwijs ontvangen, ongeacht de grootte van uw gemeente. Dit zijn voordelen, verbonden aan regionale programma's, die reeds naar voren zijn gekomen.



Planning op lange termijn eist een efficiënt, goedkoop en op de praktijk afgesteld vervoerssysteem; het is een van de factoren in die planning. Andere factoren zijn eveneens onder studie, zodat iedereen kan deelhebben in Ontario's toekomst, om het even of het gaat om belastingen dan wel om rioleringsystemen.

De levensstijl van het Canada van morgen bevat vele uitdagingen. Maar het is Ontario's stijl om die uitdagingen vandaag reeds tegemoet te treden.

Government of Ontario

Department of Trade and Development

(Co-sponsored by the Dutch Immigrant Society, 2216 Edgewood S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich., 49506)

essays - short stories - drama - poetry - journalism

Editor: COR W. BARENDRECHT



Mr. Hugh Cook

In its last appearance, World of Young Writers announced the winners of the Creative Writing contest. In this issue, we are happy to present the winning entries.

For those of you who submitted entries but failed to win any of the prizes, now you know what you were up against. Congratulations go to those of you whose work appears on these pages! For the rest of our readers, we hope you enjoy the work of these young writers.

One word, perhaps, to the reading audience. Please read these literary pieces with patience and care. A writer composes from the depths of his being, and when the finished product appears, the writer sends it out hesitantly, since it is a fragile thing. Too many writers, genuine ones, have left the Church partly because of too carping criticism by insensitive readers. These are all young writers on these pages; encourage them, even though their points of view might differ slightly from yours. Read critically; but read sympathetically. Show the same love toward the literary piece as the writer did in creating it. The Letters to the Editor department would like to hear your response.

For those of you who missed it, the contest was divided into two categories: college and other, and high school. One grand prize, taken from both categories, was also awarded.

Joe Veltman, a future minister (happy to see creative people there), took both the grand prize and the first prize in the college category. "A Familiar Face in Hollywood" is a subtle piece of satire which deserves to be read carefully. His other poem, "A Stormy Night Story", took first prize in the college category.

Linda Andringa's story "Growing Pains" shows that the writer has a fine eye for concrete detail and description. So does Kathleen Speyer's poem "Leaving Monday."

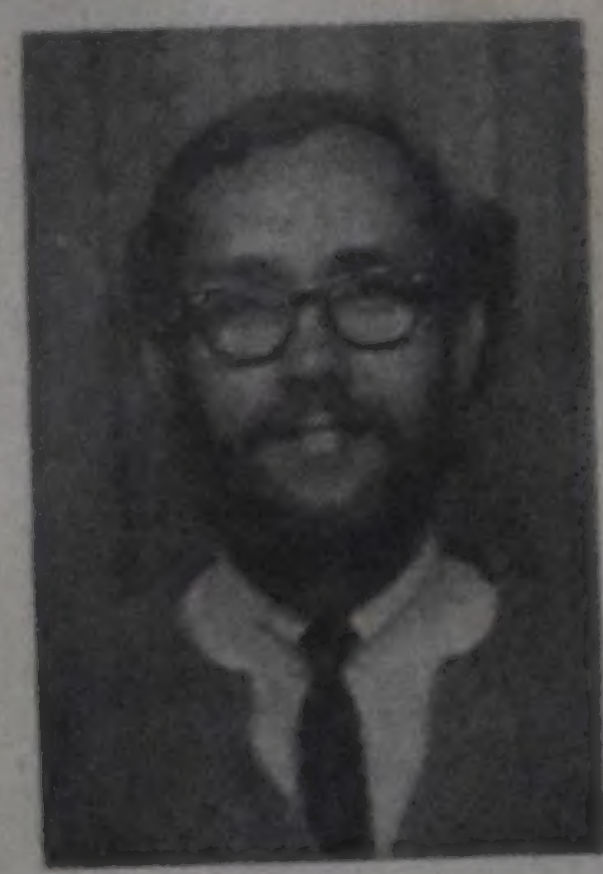
But enough has been said. Let's leave room for the work itself. Next time I'd like to say something to those of you whose work was returned.

hugh cook

P.S. We are also happy to announce that Kathleen Speyer's story "Back to Bacarro" has been awarded the June DIS prize worth \$5.00. Writers, please keep your manuscripts coming.

GRAND PRIZE

A familiar face in Hollywood



Joe Veltman

So I asked him who he was and he said "Jesse" and I said "Sure, I'm James, so what else is new?" Not that I knew who he really was.

But I'd heard he was a human kind of guy who could take some razzing. And I asked him "What are you doing here?" and that set him going.

"I'm not quite sure," he said "sometimes I feel like a child that's sent out to buy something special but I can't remember what."

I'm supposed to buy without money... and which is already mine... and then I feel close to something at Hollywood and Vine.

Why, they told me once to come out and see my brother, and I had to ask who he was... all I know, you could be my father.

I feel centuries and centuries old and all that time I've waited for my girl, and now I'm looking for her and find myself hated."

Then I said "I'm sorry, but I'm not your father or your brother." So I wished good luck to the young tramp who seemed old enough to be my father.

Joe Veltman

Short Story

First Prize High School

Growing Pains

by Linda Andringa

Burdened with the extra weight she carried inside her, she plodded over the dust-coated stubs of grass, stumbling in the ruts made by cows' hooves, her sides bulging with every movement. She pushed on past the scraggly thorns that brushed against her, her head bobbing up and down with each step, her tail barely wisp away the horseflies buzzing around her back. She rested a moment at the foot of the creek, then plunged down its steep bank, her front hooves planted before her as brakes, her hind hooves tucked under to prevent slipping, raising clouds of dust into the air. She crossed the shallow water, pulling her feet up and out of the sticky mud, then climbed up the other side, bones protruding from her shoulders, heaving with all her clumsiness until over the edge. Still she pressed on, every step bringing her closer to the farthest corner of the pasture, where she bowed down on all fours, then dropped to one side, tail straight out, head slightly cocked, submitting to the delivery of her firstborn calf.

Off in the west, a rumble of clouds outlined in deep gray, threatening an oncoming down-pour. Katydid in the big Dutch Elm tree pierced the still, muggy air with their chants, echoing in answer to the chorus in the cottonwood nearby. A rust-colored Ford rolled around the bend of the road, but the cow didn't notice. She licked her little calf with her strong tongue, the rough, pink buds wiping off the sinewy sac from its body. Dad strode down the path, whistling in his faded blue overalls, his boots kicking at stones and twigs along the way. He caught sight of the baby calf trembling next to its mother, then tipped his straw hat over his forehead and squinted at the sky. He rubbed his hand over the whiskers on his chin, and thought aloud, "Looks like I'll hafta bring 'er in."

The cow bounded to her feet and watched him strain to lift the calf, pushing the limbs tight up against its body, rolling it over right side up, clasping its belly in the crooks of his arms, his muscles tensed — lifting, pulling till the calf wobbled on its long, spindly legs, shaking from the effort to remain standing.

It fell. Again Dad shoved, strained, his back bent over the calf, letting out short grunts and sighs between his teeth, sweat running down his face. When it rose again he grasped it by the red and white curls under its neck, aimed it toward the barn, and commanded, "Walk".

The cow, nervous with excitement, swerved around them in circles, the whites of her eyes clearly showing the fear she sensed for her little one. The calf let out a bleat cry from its tiny white mouth. Striving ever so hard to move forward, to walk, the calf struggled to its feet once more, but its legs refused to cooperate. The legs sprawled around it, but the shiny black eyes never gave up. Dad drew his red handkerchief from the back pocket of his overall, wiped his face, then forked his fingers through his hair. The mother closed in to nudge it back up, but Dad slapped it

away on its flank. With an exasperated sigh he lifted the calf to its feet once more, this time also jerking on the stubby tail to give it balance. Now the calf inched its way forward, each tiny hoof clutching the ground beneath it; on, on, till Dad released his grip to open the rotting gate leading to the barn. With one mighty heave, he boosted the calf onto his knees, then up to his chest, clenching his fists around two pairs of shins. He shuffled slowly through the tangled hay and lowered his burden into its bed of straw. The calf curled up its legs and lay down its head, exhausted. The barn door creaked as Dad pulled it shut; the iron-link chain clanged as it struck the nail, locking the baby from its bellowing mother. The first sprinkles of rain spattered on Dad's workshirt as he dragged himself up the hill to our house, where Mom waited to hear him announce, "Nell's gotta calf".

POEM

Second Prize, High School

LEAVING MONDAY

the sun is shining through
the streaky windows
and the snow between the grass
growing under the fence
is melting into
tiny puddles

the big german shepherd
runs crazily past
barking his head off
at a little negro boy
carrying a ripped suitcase
down the slippery sidewalk

it is cold
the smoke from the burning garbage
floats past
lost forever in the cold sky

the time is past now too
for a second the world is empty
like the hollow barking of the dog
melting slowly
with dripping glassy icicles
hanging from the roof

I wish I could float with the blue smoke past the window
I wish I was the little negro boy now
with his suitcase
coming back
you see
I miss you

Kathleen Speyers, 15

Miss Cathy Boer, 14 won Honorable Mention (High School) with her personel essay, "God's Creation".

Her essay was published on the World of Young Writers page of the December 26/31, 1969 edition of Calvinist-Contact.

POEM

First Prize, College A.O.

A STORMY NIGHT STORY

When Milton immaculately conceived his universe it was like an egg with an over-sized air-sac that included half of all, the rest was dense with sulphur. So there was the half of emptiness and the half of heaviness, which were the emptiness of heaven, and the heaviness of hell. In the heaviness hung the earth suspended by a cord like a golden glob of yolk.

Old egg-head found his brain was not as immaculate as he'd conceived, for his universe held the germ because of which it would in time be spoiled rotten. And Milton knew about spoiling — his mind was empty and his heart heavy as he stood bemused and watched a dark warmth settle on the earth like a dove brooding over the universe. The Knowledge grew in wisdom and in stature, grew until it filled the emptiness, grew until it took up the heaviness, grew until it burst its form until it grew until it cracked the universal shell that had held it entombed.

Though now the shell is gone, Milton was right about its having been, for still on stormy nights between six and nine the earth turns dark and then the lightning — flash of purple-white cracks the veil of night with a rushing might of wind that thunders through the portals of the years with the resounding din of peace for all the Humpty Dumpties that fall in service to their broken king, who has the secret of mending with egg-white.

Joe Veltman, 21 yrs.

Journalism

Second Prize, College A.O.

THE LAST DAY

by Elliott Henner

March 11, 1938. The skies were gray, the air was moist and cool, and the democratic world slept. Japan had conquered Manchuria; Italian bombers had destroyed Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia; German and Italian tanks were in the process of killing Spanish men, women and children. But most of the world slept.

Agitated, feverish people, spreading the waves of excitement into the most outlying districts of the city, crowded Vienna's broad and tree-lined boulevards around the University and majestic government buildings. They had only two more days left to decide Austria's fate, two days of anguish and anxiety, two days of hope and uncertainty. On March 13 the people of Austria were supposed to indicate by referendum either their preference for a free and independent Austria or for annexation by Germany.

Inside the medical faculty building the laboratories were deserted. The few remaining students milled round the corridors shouting "Heil Hitler" here, "Heil Schuschnigg" and "Austria" there.

"Heil Hitler" shouted the frenzied crowd in the streets around the University, through which my friend and I had to pass. They were nearly all students and white-collar workers, for a long time poisoned by the ideas of national-socialism and made drunk by the dream of a greater, world-overpowering Germany.

As we left the inner part of the city, the faces in the crowd changed. Workers paraded or stood around in smaller groups. Their faces were the expressions of serious and grim determination. They had no reasons to like Schuschnigg and his government. The wounds of 1934, when he was the Minister of Justice in the Dollfuss cabinet, still burned strongly, but they were ready to forget the past at this time of danger and to join in the defense of Austria against the national-socialist threat from the western border. We greeted them with slight raised arm and "Freundschaft" as we passed. "Freundschaft" meaning "Friendship", was the official greeting of the members of the Socialdemocratic Party.

Finally arriving in my friend's home we attempted to continue our preparation for the scheduled examination in histology. We looked at the slides under the microscope, but we talked about politics and our future. How insignificant these diminutive cells and strands of human tissue looked! And yet, they influenced the health of the whole body. We, too, were just infinitesimal particles under the microscope of history. Nobody cared whether we lived or were able to carry out our normal functions.

We knew nothing about the deals between England and Germany and the agreements between Mussolini and Hitler. And knowing nothing, we still had hope, at least to a limited degree, that we would be able to continue and finish our medical studies.

The radio was turned on. The music of Strauss and Lehar and Kalman kept pouring into the room and intermingling with our thoughts. We still tried to concentrate on the small fragment of veins, arteries and connective tissues under the microscope. The telephone rang. One of our friends had been working in an election office all day long. Now he informed us that he was being sent home together with all the others working there without any explanation. Our tensions mounted. Concentrate! We must concentrate! The examination was only two weeks away.

The music on the radio stopped. The announcer read a short note: "The elections are postponed to a future time. Expect further news." Then records played military music. So it was happening after all. There was no more doubt left. We put the microscope back into its cabinet. Medicine, goodbye! This world will need different kinds of doctors to cure its

(Continued on page 7)

BACK TO BACARRO

The speaker over the radio announced: "Our chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, has to make an important statement."

The chancellor's voice trembled as he spoke: "I received an ultimatum from the German chancellor to resign immediately and to make way to a government according to his will. The German army is crossing the Austrian border. I instructed the Austrian troops not to resist in order to avoid the shedding of German blood. In the face of the whole world I declare that we yield to force and that any communications issued by the German government to the effect that an imminent uprising by the Austrian workers forced her to interfere are untrue. God save Austria and the Austrian people." The Austrian anthem followed, for the last time, in a low, soft manner, its last chords slowly dying away.

It was a long way home. The ensigns of Austria had disappeared from all public buildings. Endless crowds with swastikas, repeating incessantly their chants of "Heil Hitler" and "Sieg Heil" marched triumphantly into the inner part of the city. The flames from the torches lit up the sky creating a spectacle of Wagnerian grandiosity. I passed City Hall, which had been the pride of Vienna, maybe of Europe, and a symbol of the democratic construction years after the First World War. A huge swastika fluttered from its shiny roof. Finally I reached my residence. The corridor was dark and gloomy. Black shadows were dancing on the wall as I climbed slowly to my apartment on the third floor. Austria was no more.

Honorable Mention
College A.O.

RELATION

Being good boys and girls
and talking school talk,
while bald-headed uncles
and fat-legged aunts
sat drinking tea,
that wasn't for us.

At family reunions
we played forest tag,
making ugly Greta fit.
We crept off coupled
and bold and so funny.
We talked, and touched now
and then moved apart, unsure.
Owl noises, bat noises, wild-cat
noises
filled the forest those nights
scaring us into each other.
over and over;
and we smoked,
drank cellar dandelion wine,
and told blushing jokes.

Hubert Van Tol, 19

"MANY A BATTLE HAS BEEN FOUGHT,
(that the world knows nothing about)"

No one told him that he should,
he sensed somehow he must.
Established firmly in his mind
his cause, he knew was just.
The time for action now had come,
privacy he'd need.
Did he have the courage, strength
to do this bloody deed?
Alone at last! The time had come,
he bolted fast the door.
He took the weapon in his hand
to test it's whetted edge. Before
He raised it boldly to make
his first stroke with precision.
Now he knew there was no turning
back on his decision.
And then he made his second stroke,
came easier than the first.
But he guarded not himself,
he had a wound to nurse.
But he kept on anyway,
for stop he could not now.
Even though the beads of sweat
were standing on his brow.
Blood was dripping off his chin
he grimaced as in pain.
It now appeared that all of his
precautions were in vain.
His mind reeled at the bloody sight,
his stomach just as well,
But the job was finished now,
his joy no one can tell.
Slowly he drew himself up tall,
his battered face to scan.
He lay the razor down and said,
"Today I am a Man"

Melodie Westmaas, Gr. 11

POEM

POND-COLD DAY

Foil-blue duck haven,
wind painted patterns
ducks rising and falling together
splashing in juggling oneness.

Palette crazy canvas-leaves
eratic on wind paths,
madly crashing
to wet-soft water-limbo.

Cotton warm winter coat
and us with
wind burned eyes,
cheeks kissed with ice-lips.

Lawrence Greinke, 21

HAIKU

SNOW

Feathers from heaven,
Falling gently to the earth,
Look at all the snow!!!

Cheryl Kramer, Gr. 9

★

FINAL DAY

God lives in heaven
Man's residence is on earth
Unity will come.

Kathleen Mulder, Gr. 9

I 'member Cam always saying 'bout how healthy an' everything it was living by the sea. There wasn't hardly no sickness the sea couldn't splash out of a body he'd always chuckle an' I guess I took it pretty much for granted — Cam'd say he'd never seen such a healthy mite as his Beth an' I guess I never was much sick . . . though all I can 'member once is when Cam said Ma an' me was real sick once an' Ma died. He don't talk 'bout it much an' I never asked him, neither — Cam'd get a funny look in his eyes an' I's always scared he'd start crying — his eyes'd get real red an' He'd kinda sob like in his chest. No . . . other'n that I never weren't ever sick. The sea air really scrubbed a body's lungs clean an' maybe that's why Karen came to Bacarro.

It all happened last summer. Mr. Bain, he's our post-man, he'd come over one morning in early June — a real warm sunny morning. I was sitting in the front yard trying to darn one of Cam's socks an' watching the boats that

were lined up on the horizon bobbing time with the waves. Anyways — Mr. Bain came over with a 'normous big envelope an' asked me where my brother was. Sure as likely, I told him, Cam was down in Bacarro buying some mending wire for his nets but could I maybe take a message? Well — he looked me over real close and made me promise to give the letter to Cam because it was real important. So of course I promised I would. As soon as Mr. Bain let the front gate squeak shut I sat on the letter an' waited for Cam to come home.

Well — those next weeks — I never saw nothing like it. Cam scrubbed our whole cottage down an' washed it the most prettiest grey I ever saw. He even gave me a quarter to buy some flowers with. Boy! I walloped over to Tom's an' picked the brightest package of "Molly's Assorted Flowers" I could find an' spent the whole morning planting them along the rocks lining the gate.

An' then near the end of June, Cam packed on his best suit an' looked so very handsome in his white shirt I most swooned — but 'course I didn't. He told me to stay sure as put until he'd get home an' not to get my dress all muddled over an' that an' I cried "Jumpin' jellyfish, Cam! I sure am'n't no baby no more an' besides it hasn't rained in days so how could I get muddy?"

Cam chuckled, whistled to the mare an' trotted off. So I waited an' counted the gulls as they sailed in and out of the mist above the harbour.

Well, I woke up with a jump an' my eyes just 'bout popped out of my head. Coming down the path behind Cam was the most beautiful girl I ever sawed. She walked real dainty like an' had the longest golden hair that hung around her shoulders like a silk curtain. An' there was Cam, grinning like an old fool an' looking like he's escorting the queen or something.

I jumped up an' patted my dress flat. But suddenly I felt like I was wearing my worst clothes instead of my best Sunday ones . . . cause there she was . . . all dressed up like she's going to a ball or something.

"Beth," Cam chuckled, "here she is — found her just about wilted in that glaring sun." An' I looked up seeing the sun shine hazy through the mist an' I most laughed outright.

"So you're Beth — hi! — I'm Karen," she said in the most singsong voice I ever heard an' I saw Cam out of the corner of my eye — gleaming like a polished pearl.

"Hullo," I mumbled over my chin an' then I just couldn't take my eyes off of her dress. It was beautiful . . . all yellow and green with 'normous big buttons.

"Well, Beth," Cam most shouted in my ear an' I tried my best to glare at him but he didn't even see it. He just went right on talking " . . . we've got to help Karen get all better . . ." an' I just couldn't figure it out that Karen was sick. There she stood, all pink and shiny an' looking healthy to me. Anyways Cam finally walked past me and carried Karen's suitcases into the cottage. There I stood, not knowing what to say, but I didn't have to worry. Karen talked an' talked 'bout how lovely an' everything it all was here but I just weren't listening. Right then I got a funny kinda feeling inside of me an' I couldn't figure it out . . . so I pushed it away the best I could.

Well, the next weeks really flew past. Everyone in Bacarro got to know Karen an' everyone said 'bout what a darling sweet girl she was and oh! how pretty and delicate she was. It certainly was doing her good, living by the sea. Karen and me went for rides along the beach, sometimes. Cam would let me ride the mare an' one of the neighbors let Karen ride a roan mare. One day we rode clear down to Ballantyne's Cove. I'd been there just once before with Cam an' that was for a wedding. I told Karen this an' suddenly she got all excited.

"A wedding?" she cried, "oh! how lovely! Where was it held?" it the salty water tasted bitter and she made me take her to the brown little church just above the cove. She even wanted to go inside but I said — no — we really shouldn't cause it was probably locked and b'sides it was getting late. Well — she looked pretty downfallen but we left anyways. Then . . . she suddenly seemed all excited and happy. I just couldn't figure it out an' I started to get that funny feeling down deep inside again.

As soon as we got home she could hardly wait to tell Cam about the "lovely" little church an' Cam laughed an' winked at me.

But that night, in bed, as I watched the moon play hide an' seek with the curtains I felt real mean inside. Real mean an' bad 'cause here I just couldn't stand a poor girl who had been sick an' mighty close to death's jaws — as Mr. Brian had put it — an' I was feeling mean towards her. Suddenly I felt good an' happy. I slipped out of bed and went down to the well to get a drink of water. Then I heard voices.

An' I saw them. Cam and Karen. They were standing by the gate and Cam had his arm around her. I gasped an' almost choked up an' I turned around an' ran back to my room. My head was spinning an' I wanted to bury my head in the pillow and forget what I had seen.

Well . . . the next morning I heard Karen tip-toe down the stairs an' kinda peep at me in my room. I was awake an' saw her but I pretended I was asleep. She kinda laughed an' walked away. Well — I 'membered last night an' I was mad. I hopped out of bed, grabbed my shorts an' stopped short. I saw Karen an' she weren't laughing at all. She was crying quiet like at the kitchen window. I got outta there in a hurry an' walked down the path to the gate. My head was spinning an' I suddenly thought 'bout Cam saying 'bout how there weren't no sickness the sea couldn't make better. Well . . . Cam was wrong for once . . . I knowed it. Karen wouldn't ever get better. There was something inside of her wrong an' she was giving it to me!

Inside of me I felt something growing. Something that ate away at me. It was hot an' ugly an' mean. I suddenly wanted to really yell but I didn't cause she just came and stood in the doorway with a dreamy kind of look on her face.

Cam came out of the cottage too. He looked real shiny and scrubbed an' I noticed he'd even shaved. "Cam," I yelled, "aren't ya going out today? Heard Tom say the salmon's really biting." Well Cam didn't even hear me. He sidled over to Karen an' said something to her. I couldn't hear it an' I shouted at Cam again. But Cam just laughed at something Karen said an' then he looked at me an' said:

"Beth, Karen has to get something at Ballantyne's Cove an' I'm taking her down. Don't wander off, okay?"

Well, by now I just 'bout burst. What was this girl to Cam, anyway? I was Cam's Beth an' she was nothing but a wispy ol' reed — sick an' . . . an' . . . I turned around an' ran across the yard, across my flowers an' down to the beach.

The waves were breaking on the bolders way out an' the sun shone through the spray, painting rainbows around an' around in the sky. But I didn't care. Each time a new wave crashed against the rocks my heart went in two an' I got an awful tight feeling in my throat so that I could hardly breathe. I wanted to throw myself on the waves an' drift an' drift like milky foam an' laugh at the gulls an' forget Cam an' that girl.

It was hard pushing Cam's skiff into the water. The water seemed to push the boat back and the wet sand tried to keep a strong grasp on the boat too . . . but I finally got it into the water. The water, lapping around my knees, felt cool and silky and the broken shells at the bottom of the water felt brittle and sharp under my bare feet. But I liked the feel of the sharpness. My face felt real

hot an' when I splashed water on it the salty water tasted bitter and bad an' really, really good. I don't 'member how long I rowed but my hands were red an' they felt sore an' rough from the oars. The sun was sending gold and red flashes across the sky. The water was dark blue an' green an' now an' then fish would swim past — glittering silver and red. A warm wind was blowing across the water and sent a salty spray around my head — it felt real good an' cool an' I didn't even bother thinking 'bout Cam no more. It was just the sea an' me . . . tossing me gently back an' forth — rolling, rolling . . .

I don't know how I got back to the beach but the skiff was rolling half on the beach an' half in the water. It was most dark except for the moon spilling a bit a' light on the water. It was all sparkly and still. But when I climbed out of the skiff the sand seemed to want to swallow me up. I just couldn't get up. I 'member the water splashing up on the beach an' right up to me. It was really warm an' soft.

It was a 'normous big wedding, Mrs. Hasmond said. She told me that all of Bacarro had been there an' there hadn't been enough room to crowd everybody into the little church at Ballantyne's Cove. Karen looked real pretty, she said, in a gown of real white satin an' Cam had been the most handsomest groom in all of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Hasmond said I's to stay in bed three more days an' she'd fatten my up with lots of hot milk an' porridge an' make me all healthy an' strong again — after all — the sea air is clean an' fresh an' before you know it you'll be yourself again.

Well . . . that's what happened last summer. Cam went to Halifax — some big city up north, Mrs. Hasmond says — with Karen. He's coming down this summer, he writes. He wants to come back to the sea again . . . back to Bacarro . . . An' I just laugh outright an' look at the sun shining bright above the harbour an' watch the fishing skiffs on the horizon, bobbing time with the waves.

Kathleen Speyers, 15

Poetry

EULOGY TO A RAT

The grey rat prowls
The lonely beach,
Eating the carrion on the shore.
And the dead sea
Licks the endless shore
Leaving its spoor to the hungry.

The dead rat lies
on the lonely beach,
Stripped clean to the bone.
And the gulls fly off
Over the dead sea
To bait the Fisherman's hook.

Peter Fernandes, 20

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Poetic Proza

PERPETUAL POTENTIAL

On the corner one partly inebriated man stands slumped against a pole. He is a white man whose position and facial expression seem fixed. Even the two approaching Metis women's suggestive gestures are absorbed without a blink. They look at him for awhile and laugh half-drunkedly. He makes no move. Seeing their endeavors have gone completely unheeded, they leave disgustedly. "Indian!" The man turns his head and spits.

Come on, just a few minutes. No, I have to go. It won't take long. The kids are at home. I just came downtown to get out of the house for awhile. It won't take long. I just came to get out of the house for awhile. Well let's go to the Houston for a beer. OK.

The man slowly begins to pull up his zipper. He gets halfway and decides its too much work. Shuffling across the street he heads in the direction of the Houston. Through the alley, past a couple making out who turn to him with nervous laughter. He fumbles with his fly.

Hi big boy. How are ya to-night? I'm fine. So am I. I've got a few spare minutes.

Yea, I figured I'd get downtown for awhile. I'm scrubbing the floor and ironing all day. Yea. And those damn kids. Are you sure they're home now? Yea. Would you like to go now? It won't take long.

Well big boy, can I sit down? There, ain't this cosy? What do ya do big boy? I'm a minister of the gospel. Oh.

And the same cafes stay open catering to the same people. The same shiftless men trudge the same streets and the same prostitutes do business with the usual patrons; the same drunks lay intoxicated in their own vomit. The only thing changing is the street lights.

Henrietta Dykhuis, Gr. 12

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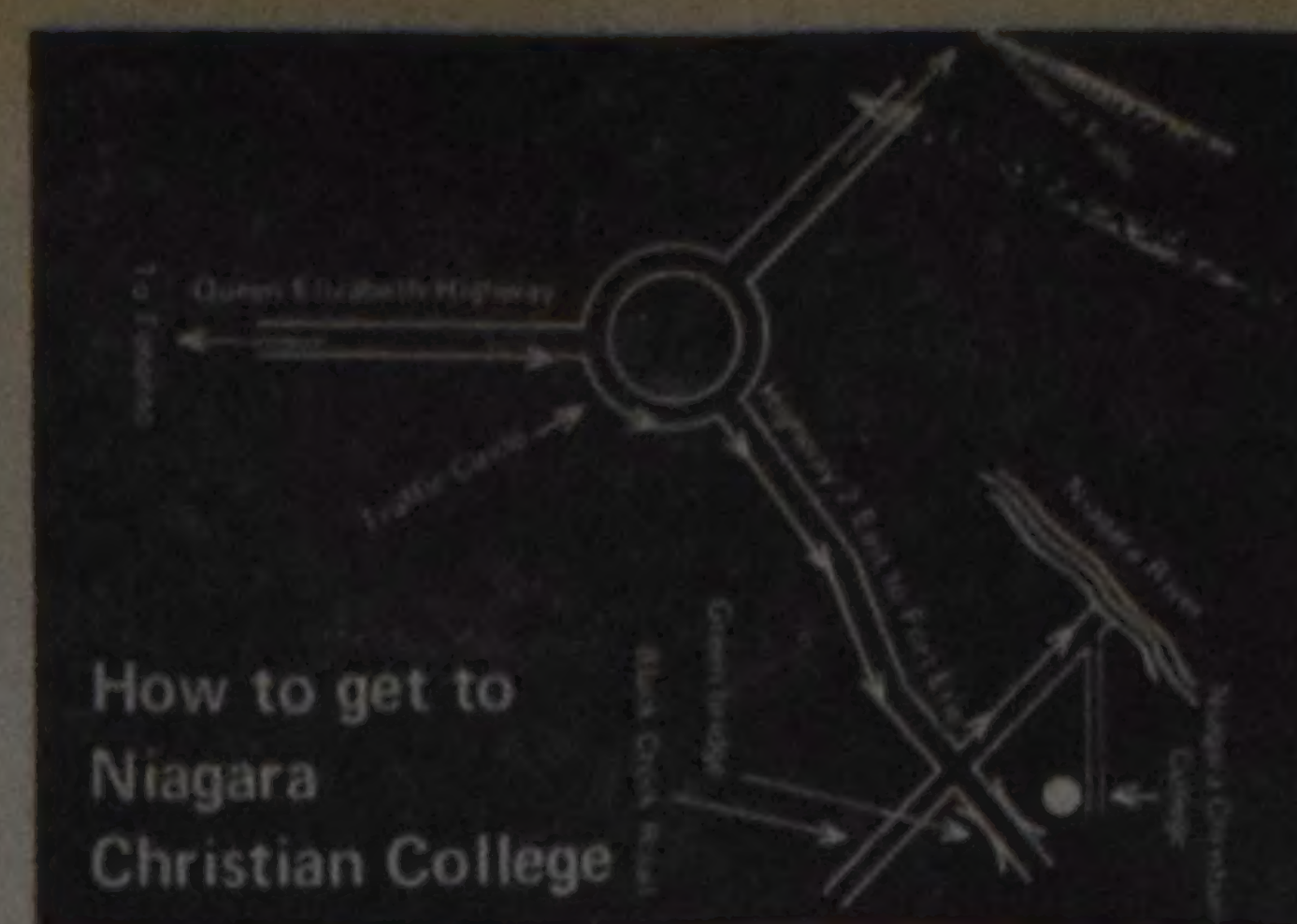
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Colourful Canadians:

Robert Campbell

Explorer of the North-West

by MARCUS VAN STEEN

(Canadian Scene) — The Hudson's Bay Company, now known mainly as a trading company, at one time ruled a large part of western and northern Canada. To carry on its operations in that wild and rugged country, it employed many sturdy and venturesome young men. Among this group of adventurers was a young Scotsman, Robert Campbell.

Campbell was brought to Canada to work on the company's experimental farm at Red River in what is now Manitoba. But he joined the ranks of the adventurers only when the Company decided to introduce sheep to the Red River settlement and sent Campbell to buy some in St. Louis in the United States. This was a great challenge to the young Scotsman, travelling 1,500 miles through a new country, meeting strange and difficult situations every day. It took 56 days for him and his ten companions to reach St. Louis, and when they got there, they found there were no sheep to be bought. This meant they had to go on to Kentucky where they were able to buy a number of sheep and lambs.

Then came the difficult task of getting the animals back to the Red River. They had to drive them overland on foot, through rough and dangerous territory. They covered about ten miles a day, and every day some sheep died. Some were bitten by rattlesnakes, others died from fly bites or accidents. The worst killer of all was spear grass which cut the feet of the poor sheep so that they couldn't walk and had to be destroyed. They set out from Kentucky on May 2nd, 1835, and reached the Red River settlement on September 11th, more than four weary months later. Of the 1,475 sheep and lambs that started the journey, only 251 arrived at the farm. The experiment was a failure, but Campbell had impressed the company with his tough, pioneering spirit and his next assignment was to the far north-west.

For several years, Campbell carried out journeys of exploration in what is now northern British Columbia. He travelled up the Laird River, discovered and named Frances Lake, where he established the first trading post in the Yukon. He discovered and explored the Pelly River, which he found was the upper part of the Yukon River, which he also explored. Those rivers became very important in the northern fur trade, and later in the famous Klondike gold rush.

In 1852, when Campbell had been in Canada about 20 years, the company wanted to make him Chief Trader. As head of a post they thought he should have a wife, and offered to send him a girl from Scotland. But Campbell would have none of that. He would pick out his own wife, and he set out for Scotland to do so. From White River in the Yukon he followed the Pelly River on snowshoes, crossed the Rocky Mountains and then tramped along the Laird River. He kept a diary as he travelled, and this is his entry for September 10th, 1852: "Breakfasted on Little River and left our Indians in the rear and came up to a party that had preceded us. We camped on a river that had a few willows so we made a fire. They had killed a deer and gave us the head for supper."

Things were not so good later on. Crossing Great Slave Lake and Lake Athabaska, he found that game was very scarce. For every animal that was found there were several hungry men after it, and the situation had elements of danger. One entry in his diary noted that he shared one squirrel with eight other men. In February, 1853, Campbell notes in his diary: "We are hardly more than skeletons . . . walking all day on snowshoes, guns in hand, blankets, axe and kettle on our backs. Provisions we had to find as we walked. The weather was very cold . . . I could hardly sleep at night with the cold . . . There was no trace of

game to be seen far or near."

That was the sort of trip it was, skeletons walking on snowshoes in bitterly cold weather for nearly three thousand miles. Campbell reached Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) in March, and after resting for a few days he set out again for Minnesota where he boarded a train for Montreal. There, he caught a boat which took him to Scotland.

Campbell still refused to play according to company rules. He was 44 at the time, but the girl he picked was only 12 years old and her family said he would have to wait six years before they would let her get married and travel to Canada. So Campbell went back to Canada and, although he was still wifeless, he was appointed Chief Trader at the post he had established at Fort Laird. By the time his bride made the trip to the Northwest, he was Chief Factor in charge of the Athabaska District. A few years later he left the fur trading business to return to farming. He took up cattle ranching at Riding Mountain in Manitoba, where he died in 1894 at the age of 82.

Before he died, Robert Campbell wrote the exciting story of his life. Parts of this have been published in the journal of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, but it deserves to be published in book form. It would be an important contribution to Canadian history.

New Alliance Board

We are informed that the new Board of the Ontario Alliance of Christian Schools (district X of the National Union of Christian Schools) consists of the following persons: J. Terpstra, Bowmanville, president; H. C. W. Meyer, 7 Darly Pl., Ottawa 5, Ont. Sec.; M. Koole Jordan Station, vice-president; W. Kleefman, Sarnia, treasurer; P. Loerts, Wyoming; E. Slothouber, Smithville; Rev. M. Greydanus, Willowdale; A. Peetoom, Aurora; N. Vandooren, Willowdale, representing Principals' Club; J. Tamming, Wellandport, representing O.C.T.A.; A. Hengstman, Sarnia, Director of Education. The office address is: 500 Exmouth Street, Sarnia, Ont.

WHY NOT EVOLUTION?

Report on the annual Bible-Science Seminar
in Hamilton, Ont.

Again the case of Creation versus evolution was set forth and defended in an able manner by four Christian scientists coming from two continents and three countries; the place was McMaster University; the time was the last day of May 1970; the scientists were dr. Philip J. C. Hawkins of Sussex (England), a professional zoologist and taxonomist; dr. Arthur C. Custance, Group Head of the Human Engineering Laboratory, Ottawa; prof. Harold S. Slusher of El Paso, professor of Astronomy and Geophysics at the University of Texas; and prof. dr. John N. Moore, ass. professor of Natural Science at the Michigan State University.

All these men professed their belief in God Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, without any tongue-in-cheek reservations concerning the Genesis-record.

The topic of the first speaker, dr. Hawkins, was: The fixity of species. After having shown that the father of evolution himself, Charles Darwin, in the course of his studies met with difficulties concerning his principle of natural selection, and that the mutation-theory of the Dutchman Hugo De Vries admittedly has not sufficed to explain the evolution-theory, he asked the question: what is a species? Being himself an expert in the field (he is a taxonomist, that means that it is his business to classify all kinds of living beings) his answer was very interesting: he declared from his own experience that taxonomy often bears a very subjective character, and that classification is often more or less an intelligent guess-work. Therefore he preferred the term of Scripture: "kinds", stating that we find in God's creation basic kinds, in which there is the possibility of a great variety. His last words were a quotation of Romans 1:20: "That they may be without excuse", and he stressed the fact that there is an undeniable proof of the work of the Creator in the things that are made.

The second speaker, dr. Cus-

tance, spoke on the topic: Non-evolutionary convergence. What is convergence? It is the fact that animals, differing in origin (genes) develop along similar lines in response to the same environment. It is often supposed that this similarity means relationship, and dr. Custance said that all genealogical trees are based on this supposition, but he continued to show the falseness of this supposition. In the course of his lecture he made the very interesting and important distinction between "data" and "capta". He said that men of science often come with "data" (givens) which are only "capta" (things taken, things selected). Another very interesting observation of dr. Custance was, that evolutionists often are poorer in the gathering of their "data" than christians are. Evolutionists tend to close their eyes to counter-evidence, they don't want to hear of it or to read it; while christians are forced to read what is contra their position.

The topic of the third speaker, prof. Slusher was: Some astronomical implications of a youthful universe. He showed the importance of his topic by pointing to the fact that the evolutionist needs a very long time for the age of the earth and the universe as the necessary condition of his theory; this time-concept, however, is of a philosophical character, it is not proven neither can it be proven by facts.

Prof. Slusher brought forward five arguments favoring the concept of a youthful universe:

a. If the age of the world would

be 4.5 billions of years, as the theory of evolution claims, the influx of meteoric dust (which amounts to 14,300,000 tons per year), must have resulted in a tremendous amount of nickel on mountains and in seawater. The actual amount of nickel points, however, to an age of only several thousands of years.

b. A parallel reasoning can be applied to the amount of dust on the surface of the moon.

c. A parallel reasoning can be applied again to the so-called Pointing Robertson-effect of the comets.

d. The age of the comets, considered to be as old as the planets, points to a youthful universe.

e. The starclusters in our Galaxy can only have existed for several thousands of years.

The last speaker, prof. Moore, spoke on the topic: To teach or not to teach evolution. He stressed the fact that evolution should not be taught as a fact, because it can not be repeated in the laboratory, nobody can prove or disprove it by scientific means. Often the "evolution" of the horse is taken as an illustration of the idea of a general evolution, but in the first place the well-known "family-tree" of the horse is a family-tree, it does not show the transition from one kind into another one, and only that is evolution; and in the second place prof. Moore showed us by means of slides, that also in our time the most different types of horses, even very small ones, live side by side. He ended his speech by pointing to the choice between two Gods, that of humanistic philosophy and the God of the Bible.

After the lectures had been delivered a panel-discussion was held in which the four lecturers participated and answered several questions from the floor.

Louis Praamsma.

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Let's Play Chess

Editor Mr. C. HESS

Solutions of the April Problems

No. 392 (Kipping)

1. R-QB1, thr. 2. R-B8 mate.
1. —, Q-R8; 2. B-N1 (same threat again), P-B6!; 3. PxBat K5 mate.
1. —, P-B6; 2. R-B8ch, B-N1 3. RxB mate

1. —, Q-B3ch; 2. NxQ; K-N1 or P-B6; 3. B-Q6 mate.

This is a very enjoyable problem; not too hard either. Thanks for several nice comments.

No. 393 (L'Hermet)

One of our contestants wrote, "The author calls it 'très elegant' but I would call it 'Hang yourself!' " Is it really that bad?

1. B-R8, Waiter.

However, 1. B-R1 or 1B-N2 lead to nothing. 1. —, P-K6! And there is not mate, neither after 1. B-N7?, PxR!

No. 394 (Jansen)

It is quite a job to solve this problem, but it really works if you are careful. 1. B-B5, thr. 2. R-R3 mate or 2. R-B4 mate. Variations:

1. —, N-K1; 2. P-N8/Q etc.

1. —, N-R4; 2. P-N3 etc.

1. —, N-K3; 2. K-R2 etc.

1. —, N-B4; 2. K-N1 etc.

No. 395 (Loyd)

Even this tricky "Loyd" did not fool most of our solvers. 1K-K2. Waiter. That the King has to do the job is not evident at all at a first look. But it works perfectly.

DUTCH

392. 1. Tc1, dr. 2. Tc8.

1. —, DR1; 2. Lb1, f3; 3. Le4:mat

1. —, f3; 2. Tc8f, Lb8; 3. Tb8:mat.

1. —, Df6t; 2. Pf6, Kb8 (of f3); 3. Ld6 mat

393. 1. Lh8 tempo.

394. 1. Le5, dr. 2. Ta3 mat of Tc4 mat.

1. —, Pe8; 2. b8/D.

1. —, Ph5; 2. g8.

1. —, Pe6; 2. Ka2.

1. —, Pf5; 2. Kb1.

395. 1. Ke2! tempo.

In problem No. 402 a printing mistake occurred. The White Bishop at R7 should be a White Pawn. Our apologies for this mistake.



MAKE-BELIEVE MISHAPS: An operator of Air Canada's flight simulator at Toronto International Airport sits behind pilot Capt. Al Webster (left) and co-pilot Capt. Jim Harrison, and creates

make-believe emergencies. Four times a year, Air Canada pilots spend four hours in the mock-up practicing for crises they hope will never happen.

Het Canada Assistance Plan

(Can. Scene) — Er zijn in Canada niet minder dan 10 verschillende soorten van manieren waarop hulpbehoevende mensen geholpen kunnen worden. Dat komt voornamelijk doordat volgens de Canadese Constitutie sociale verzorging onder het toezicht van de provincies valt. Het "Canada Assistance Plan" is de wet volgens welke de Federale Regering een gedeelte van de kosten van de sociale verzorging terugbetaalt aan de provincies en aan de gemeenten. De Federale Regering betaalt tevens een deel van de hulp die wordt verleend in gevallen waar personen worden geholpen om te voorkomen dat zij in grotere moeilijkheden komen. Op die manier probeert de regering er voor te zorgen dat er hulp beschikbaar is waar deze nodig is, terwijl men tevens ten dienste staat bij pogingen om armoede te verdrijven of te voorkomen.

Hoewel de voorzieningen niet eender zijn in alle provincies komen zij in grote trekken toch erg overeen. Iedereen die in moeilijkheden verkeert kan om bijstand vragen. U heeft daarvoor niet een Canadees staatsburger te zijn of een bepaalde tijd in een stad te hebben gewoond. U moet natuurlijk wel kunnen bewijzen dat U inderdaad hulp nodig hebt. Dit wordt gedaan door te bepalen hoeveel geld men nodig heeft voor voeding, kleding en inwoning en hoeveel geld men reeds ontvangt. Als een persoon getrouwd is en wel of geen kinderen heeft dan worden de behoeften en inkomsten van die personen ook in aanmerking genomen. Als zo'n berekening dan toont dat de uitgaven de inkomsten overtreffen dan heeft men recht op bijstand.

Er kan hulp worden verleend in de vorm van opname in een verpleeginrichting, door het verstrekken van toelagen voor speciale noden zoals reparatie of vervanging van essentiële huishoudelijke artikelen en meubelen en voor huisreparaties. In bijzondere gevallen kan ook huishoudelijke hulp worden verstrekt, hulp bij rehabilitatie, terwijl men ook een helpende hand uitsteekt met scholing en herscholing.

Het ontvangen van hulp is een recht van de mensen die het inderdaad nodig hebben. Om zeker te zijn dat de mensen rechtvaardig worden behandeld voorziet de wet in de mogelijkheid om tegen de beslissing van de bepaalde ambtenaren in beroep te gaan.

Waar rechten bestaan, bestaan echter ook altijd verantwoordelijkheden. Mensen die om hulp vragen moeten uiteraard zelf ook alles doen wat in hun vermogen ligt om in hun eigen behoeften te voorzien. Er wordt van hen verwacht dat zij hun eigen inkomsten en bezittingen aanwenden om aan hun behoeften tegemoet te komen. Een werkloos persoon wordt geacht naar werk te zoeken. In zo'n geval is de eerste stap contact op te nemen met het Manpower Centre. Van dergelijke mensen wordt ook verwacht dat zij bereid zijn zich te laten herscholen om aan het werk te kunnen komen.

Iemand die in moeilijkheden verkeert heeft echter niet volkomen ontbloot te zijn van enig bezit voor hij om hulp kan vragen. Er wordt van hem niet verwacht dat hij zijn huis verkoopt of het gereedschap dat hij bij voorbeeld nodig heeft om zijn beroep te kunnen uitoefenen. In sommige gevallen worden ook kleinere bedragen aan inkomsten en contant geld niet in aanmerking genomen bij het bepalen of iemand al dan niet voor bijstand in aanmerking komt.

IMMIGRANTEN

Er is in slechts twee opzichten wat verschil in de manieren waarop immigranten geholpen kunnen worden. Als een immigrant moeilijkheden ondervindt voordat hij werk heeft gevonden dan is het de taak van het Department of Manpower and Immigration om hem te helpen, ook wat betreft ziekenhuiskosten en de kosten van dokter en tandarts. In het geval van zg. "sponsored" en "nominated" immigranten komt dit voor rekening van de persoon die hen heeft laten overkomen. Dit geldt voor de periode van zijn aankomst tot het moment dat hij in aanmerking komt voor het staatsburgerschap. Dit is gewoonlijk vijf jaar. Als een dergelijke persoon daartoe geen kans ziet dan dient hij zich te wenden tot het plaatselijke immigratiekantoor. Daar stelt men dan een rapport samen over de redenen waarom de "sponsor" niet aan zijn verplichtingen kan voldoen. Dit wordt dan door de provinciale en gemeentelijke autoriteiten in aanmerking genomen als zij bepalen of de immigrant geholpen dient te worden.

Waar moet men heen als men hulp nodig heeft? Dit hangt af van waar men woont en wat voor soort hulp men nodig heeft. In sommige provincies zorgt de provincie voor bejaarden, invaliden en gezinnen zonder vader, terwijl de gemeentelijke autoriteiten zorgen voor werklozen en andere personen die tijdelijk in moeilijkheden verkeren. In andere provincies vallen alle diensten onder provinciaal toezicht.

Inlichtingen kunnen worden verkregen bij alle gemeentelijke instanties of door te schrijven naar het betreffende prov. departement. De adressen zijn als volgt: Department of Welfare, Confederation Building, St. John's, Newfoundland; Department of Welfare, Box 2000, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; Department of Public Welfare, P.O. Box 696, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Department of Health and Welfare, Box 760, Fredericton, New Brunswick; Department of Family and Social Welfare,

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Raadpleeg Uw KLM reisagent voor verdere inlichtingen over het Eurauto plan of het Comfi-Car programma.

*Prijs gebaseerd op BIT economie klasse tarief vanaf Montreal, 2 personen per auto.

**Prijs gebaseerd op GIT economie klasse tarief vanaf Montreal, 2 personen per auto.

Gebod van een autobestuurder

Gij hebt mij, Heer, de macht gegeven over een droom van chroom en staal, die eensklaps een demon kan worden, als ik slechts één seconde faal.

Uw wet heeft mij vanouds geboden dat ik niet doden mag, maar God, achter het stuurrad van een auto verbleekt voor velen dit gebod.

't Zijn allemaal uw schepsels, Vader die langs mij flitsen, razend snel, of onverwacht mijn rijbaan kruisen. Wat is bij tachtig mijl één tel?

Straks kan mijn wiel een doodsnijs smoren, een mens verminken voor altijd, of kinderen tot wezen maken door eigen onvoorzichtigheid.

Heer, geef mij eerbied voor het leven van mens en dier, dat kruist mijn baan. Laat naast mijn kilometerteller Uw streng gebod steeds naast mij staan.

Huib Fenijn.

FryskeDei!

Fryske Dei!

1 JULI, 1970

Begjint de moarns om 10:30 yn it Pinehurst Conservation Area Park Highway 24A - tusken Galt en Paris

Meiwurkers - ûnder mear: De Boerenkapel fan Jarvis, Boukje Slofstra en Mayke De Vries

Mei elkoar sjonge en spultjes foar jong en ald, touwtrekke en keatsen

Kaarten foar ut 4 \$0.50 by L. Miedema, R.R. 5, Waterford Ont. en D. Buma, R.R. 1, Jarvis Ont.

By de yngong binne se \$1.00. Bern under 14 yier frij Parking ien dollar de car





From the Mailbox

SABBATH DAY AND SUNDAY

Dear Sir,

I would like to know where Rev. Cecil W. Tuininga gets the notion, that "the day God hallowed, the day He calls and commands us to observe, is Sunday (not Monday or Tuesday or any other day)" in the article: Day of all the week the best (C.C. May 21, 1970). I don't know of any place in the Bible where God commands us to observe the Sunday.

There is only one day of the week which God hallowed, and this is the seventh day. Accordingly, all through the centuries right up till now the Israelites have kept the sabbath on the seventh day of the week, which is on our calendar: Saturday, not Sunday. (It has been proven that since the beginning of history the weekly cycle has never been broken, so that our Saturday is still the original "seventh day".)

The first day of the week, or the "Lord's day" in the New Testament, has is the Bible nothing to do with the Sabbath. The first day was chosen by the disciples to commemorate the resurrection and to

keep worship services, but they keep Sabbath on Sunday is inconsistent and erroneous. If we believe in a specific day for the Sabbath, as Rev. Tuininga does, it should be Saturday, not Sunday. Acts 17:1, 2).

The identification of the Sabbath day with the Lord's day was of later date and is not based on biblical evidence. The first Sunday laws were enacted by the Council of Laodicea in the fourth century.

Whether the church was right or wrong in transferring the Sabbath to the Sunday is a matter of opinion. It depends on the question whether we believe that God meant a specific day of the week, when He hallowed the seventh day, or whether we take the term "seventh day" as just meaning: one day out of every seven.

If we conclude that "seventh day" means a specific day, then our Sunday observance is wrong and we have to return to the Saturday Sabbath (as some Christians have done).

If we accept the one-out-of-seven theory we are justified to keep the Sabbath on Sunday or any other day of the week. In this case the agreement to keep Sabbath on Sunday is just a matter of convention and convenience, and not a divine command. Another day would do just as well as Sunday.

Many Christians have yet another view on the Sabbath question. They believe that the Old Testament regulations concerning the Sabbath are not binding on us, because "we are set free from the law" and "we do not longer serve in the old way of a written law, but in the new way of the Spirit." (Rom. 7:6). Christ's liberal attitude on the Sabbath seems to support this view.

Each of these three positions is tenable and consistent. But the assertion that God commands us to

Finally, let us be careful not to judge each other about our views on the Sabbath.

In Paul's days there were also different opinions about the Sabbath: some Christians regarded one day above the other, others regarded all days as equal. Paul does not decide in this matter: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Rom. 14:5). And in Col. 2:16 he says: "Let no man judge you . . . in respect of Sabbath days, which are only a shadow of things to come . . ."

Yours sincerely,
G. Henneveld,
1359 Killarney St.
Penticton, B.C.

REPLY

Since Mr. Henneveld's views seem rather prevalent today I will comment briefly, even though I believe what he writes is sufficiently covered in my article. I will add the following comments:

1. It is evident that Mr. Henneveld assumes that the ten commandments were only for the Old Testament and no longer of force today. Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. 5:17, 18; also 19, 20; Luke 16:15-18.)

2. Col. 2:16 does not take him off the hook. To those who thought that salvation was still by way of observing Jewish rites and thus being a Jew indeed, the apostle writes these words of admonition,

to let them that the use of " . . . less) Thomas back into His rest. If we had no other evidence this that it holds true for us today, with God's loving insistence: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Christ came to fulfill, not to destroy, the law and the prophets. The early church understood this fulfillment in Christ Jesus and met on the first day of the week. That Jesus honoured it is evident from John 20:19, 26. He waited until His Church was again assembled for worship to bring a doubting (rest-

ing these texts closely: Deut. 5: 12-15; Psalm 118:22-24; Matt. 21: 42; Acts 4:10-12; 1 Cor. 16:2; Acts 20:7; Rev. 1:10; Hebrews 4: 1-11; 10:24-26. If we follow this line by faith we will have no difficulty to see why the early church substituted the shadow sabbath (6-1) for the Resurrection sabbath (1-6). We will also realize why God is jealous that we observe this day (not any other) to enter His rest (especially) on this day. Then

It seems to me that we must either see the N.T. Sunday as the true Sabbath day or be compelled to either declare the ten commandments null and void for the N.T. and the Sunday a free day, or insist that we return to the time of shadows and observe Saturday as our day of rest as the day God hallowed. However, to do so is to fly in the face of the very evident witness of Scripture as the Church has always believed and obeyed it.

Cecil W. Tuininga

Reformed Churches of Australia reject Pentecostal Teaching on Baptism of the Spirit

((Geelong, Australia) In answering an appeal by several members of the church from a decision of Classis Victoria on Dr. J. A. Schep's teaching regarding the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Synod of the Reformed Churches of Australia issued a statement here that reaffirmed the confessional Reformed position concerning the work of the Holy Spirit in the lives of Christians. After what was described as a long and brotherly debate, the Synod stated in its letter to the appellants that it wholeheartedly shared their "desire to see an increase in what you call a Spirit-filled life." The Synod stated that the New Testament teaches that after Pentecost the work of the Spirit takes place through the preaching of the Gospel of Salvation and the administration of the sacraments. It found that the Spirit does this in the lives of all who obey the Gospel of Christ, not just those who have received the 'Baptism of the Spirit'.

The Synod stated that the Scripture emphasizes the freedom and sovereignty of the Spirit in the application of the benefits of Christ. It also stressed that all believers share in all the benefits which Christ acquired for them.

The Synod expressed its concern that the teaching of Dr. Schep places the main emphasis upon pastoral care and upon a special experiential filling with the Spirit. The New Testament however places the chief accent upon the need of a life of humble obedience to the Word of God. The Synod was concerned also that this teaching would make people to become Christian-centered rather than Christ-centered, for it emphasizes more what believers have to do than what Christ has done for them.

The teaching of Dr. Schep, Synod found, had proved to be destructive of the peace of the church and noted that one of the fruits of the Spirit is peace. "Although the New Testament recognizes a

great variety in the work of the Spirit in the life of God's children, it never divides the believers into two distinct classes: those who are and those who are not filled with the Spirit in a post-conversion experience."

Dr. Schep resigned from the ministry and the membership of the church before Synod convened. (RES)

"The Burden of Loneliness"

This is the title of a brochure published by the Christian Marriage Contact Bureau, and is free for the asking. Write to C.M.C.B., Box 154, Station R, Toronto 17, Ontario. The C.M.C.B. is not a business enterprise — it wishes to be a service organization only. It was established by a small number of Christian Reformed people who felt that they should do something to express the compassion of Christ to those who have not found or who have lost their partner.

Among the boardmembers and advisors of this organization are psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, lawyers and ministers; and all those connected with the C.M.C.B. have committed themselves to the strictest secrecy.



THE WORLD AROUND US

AUSTRALIA

If the economic development of North America seems very rapid, 'down under' in Australia it has been nothing short of remarkable. The Gross National Product has grown by 5.2 per cent in real terms in the five years to mid-1969, with growth at 8.7 per cent in 1968-1969 and a further 6 per cent growth expected in 1969-1970. Traditionally, trade has played an important role in such growth. Exports and imports together have in recent years been equivalent to 26 per cent of the Australian G.N.P. compared to some 7 per cent for the United States. Wool, wheat, meat and sugar — in that order — have traditionally been the major exports of Australia.

But during the second half of the 1960's came a development which seems destined to revolutionize the entire economic structure of the country. Mineral discoveries and exploitation are likely to make Australia into one of the world's two largest exporters of minerals within a few years. Export earnings from this source have risen from \$385 million in 1965 to a probable \$1,100 million in 1970, and will, according to the government, reach about \$2 billion by the mid 70's. Australia is known to have 3 billion tons of bauxite, estimated in the United States Geological Survey in 1967 to represent 35 per cent of the world's reserves. Large deposits of manganese and nickel have also been found. As for oil, in the mid-1960's Australia imported almost all her oil. By 1971, some 60 to 70 per cent of her crude oil needs will be met from domestic sources. Australia is already the world's largest exporter of lead and zinc, and will probably maintain that position for years to come. Iron ore is also present in large amounts. It is estimated that the Pilbara region of Western Australia alone may contain reserves of 100 trillion tons. This is 400 times as much as the known North American reserves, and at the 1969 rate of consumption, these reserves would be enough to keep the world production going for about 100,000 years.

These figures take on special significance when it is realized that it is estimated that because of the world population growth, and the increase in per capita consumption, there will be a five-fold increase in world demand for minerals by the year 2000. A United States Senate committee has reported that unless there was an improvement in American mineral technology, the U.S. by 1975, will have deficits of more than 20 per cent in domestic minerals production.

Australia then, could well become the land of the future as far as minerals are concerned. Already the country is changing because of the mineral discoveries. Trade, which used to be Britain and Europe orientated, is veering away from these traditional markets and moving into new ones — especially the United States and Japan. Because Japan has such a rapid economic growth, raw materials are in great demand. Already Japan buys 60 per cent of Australia's mineral exports, including 85 per cent of Australia's iron ore and nearly all her coal exports. Japan expects, by the early 1970's to obtain 50 per cent of her iron ore and 40 per cent of her coal from Australia. Since Australia still needs many manufactured goods, many of these are brought in from Japan and thus the trade between the two countries is highly complimentary.

Although the Australians rejoice in their rapidly increasing export, they are also a little worried. Trade is very much tied to foreign policy, and in this area there are some definite differences of opinion. During and after World War II, Australia stood very close to the United States. Australia was convinced that it was necessary to sustain the United States in its foreign policy in the Pacific, especially as far as China was concerned. For two decades since the war, Australia has worked closely with the United States. But now there are voices going up which demand that the country remove itself from the United States, because, the argument goes, the United States

will do whatever it pleases and will not concern itself about Australia. As an example of this these people point to the troops withdrawal from Vietnam which is not advocated at all by Australia.

Others demand that Australia get rid of its 'fortress Australia' defense policy. This was the defence policy adopted after World War II and saw Australian forces stationed in an outer ring beyond the borders of Australia. While Britain was the dominant power in the Pacific, it was not difficult to find the defence of Australia in such far away places as Singapore, Malaysia and New Guinea. But now the situation is different. Australian forces would not be able to defend the country in isolated areas away from the mainland. The 12.5 million inhabitants of Australia cannot bring forth the defence forces necessary for such a task. So a number of people have begun to say that Australia should re-evaluate its defence policy, depend less on the United States and 'outer defence', and look more for cooperation with the countries occupying the Pacific rim. These people also point out that it is time to stop regarding China as the evil which is determined to conquer all of the Pacific countries. There is no evidence of this, nor does China have a navy which would be a necessity for such an undertaking. In the first years of the Cold War many Australians saw China as the Japan of pre-1941 days — an expansionist country which would eventually spill its millions beyond its borders. But now the view of the Australians have changed, and many feel that the danger may not come from China at all, but from a global nuclear conflict which would also involve Australia.

While the public debate goes on — and it has gone on for more than a year now — no definite decisions have been made by the government. At present it looks as if a dualistic policy is worked out where on the one hand programs are shared with the United States, while on the other hand the variety of other considerations in Asia are taken into account.

Australia is concerned with the view other Pacific countries have of her. In order to show that she is really a Pacific nation, and interested in other Asian countries, Australia has tried to help a number of them. Especially Singapore and Malaysia have been assisted in regional economic development activities. When the British leave Malaysia in 1971 Australia will leave a small force there just in case there is another communist uprising as there was in the early fifties. Indonesia is also singled out for special treatment. This comes in part because it is Australia's closest neighbour and the only country with which she has a common border — in Papua New Guinea. Even so, many Australians worry about that New Guinea border while many are apprehensive about the day when Indonesia's raw material wealth produces real economic strength and potentially offensive military power.

Vietnam is still a sore point with many Australians. For years now Australian troops have served in that country, but it now seems that it has all been for nought because the United States is pulling out without guaranteeing that South Vietnam will remain free from communism. Once the United States troops have left, the position of the Australian forces will be obviously untenable, and they will also have to be pulled out. This is just one of the manifestations that 'forward defence' is a very difficult policy to maintain.

But for all these seemingly difficult problems in foreign policy, Australia is a prosperous country which looks with great confidence toward the future. Slowly but surely they are becoming more part of the world, and are quite willing to play their role.

J. J. Bout



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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- Types size (pl.)
- Fierces
- Worship
- Bay
- Window
- Antelope
- Juan's friend
- Continent (abbr.)
- Above level
- Dispatched
- Weasel
- in the sky
- Seize
- Stadium
- Fishnet
- Reenact
- City roads (abbr.)
- Corps de
- Aim
- Edible tuber
- Suffix: recipient
- Molding ridge
- Darlings
- Not tight
- Bad buy
- Vexatious
- Rub out

DOWN

- Free ticket
- Notion
- Heart
- Came up
- Tailor
- Soak up

7.R.R. bridge

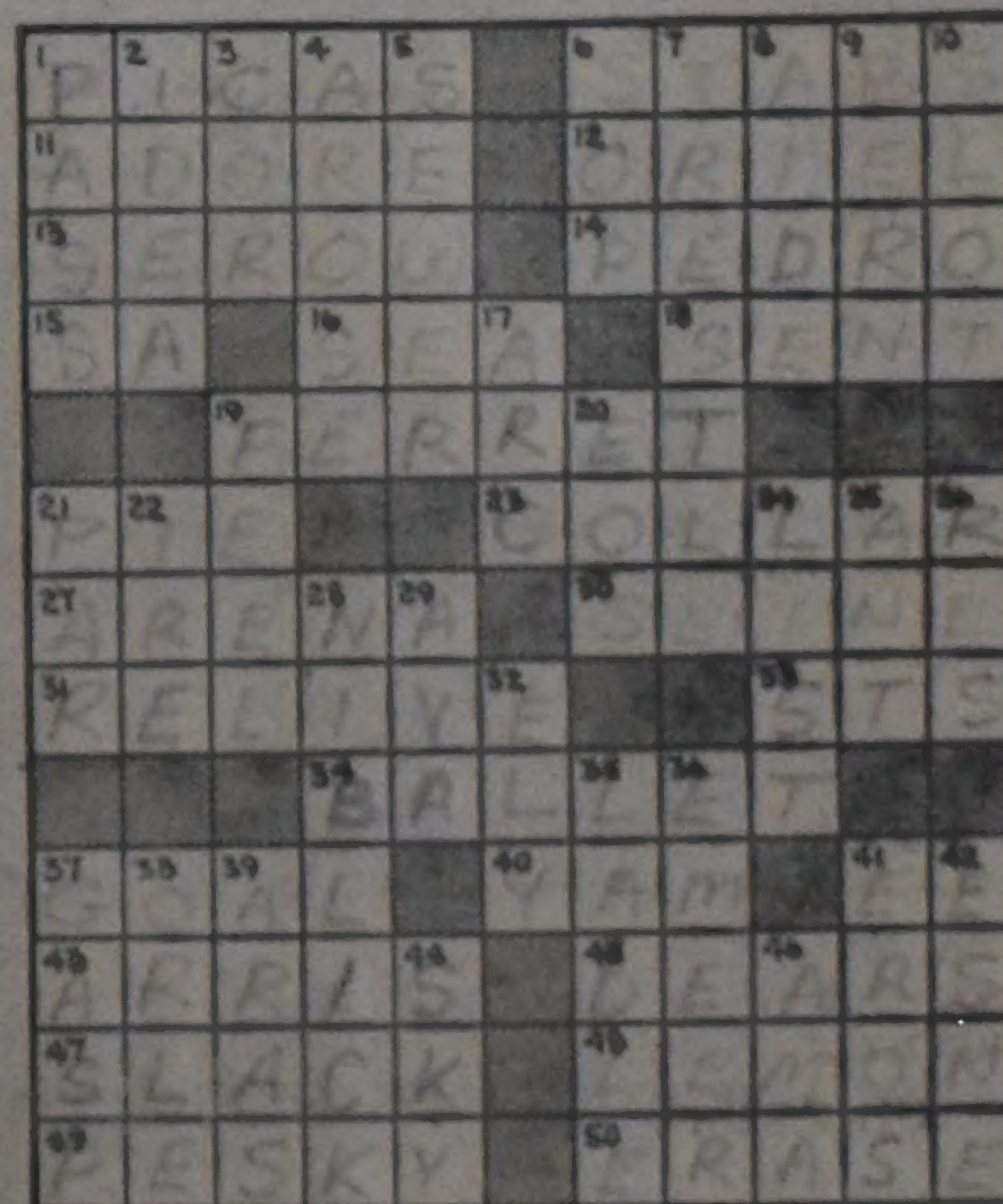
- Officer's assistant
- Swiss city
- machine
- Stage light
- Sense
- God-deas of dawn
- Up to
- Anger
- Tilt
- Busy insect

26. Legal point

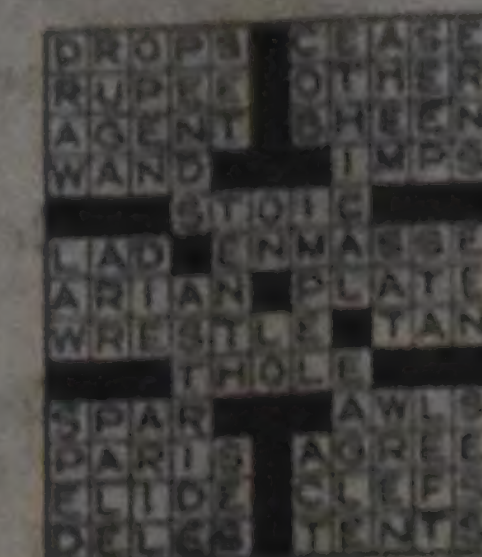
- Golf club
- Pepper shrub
- English city
- Scoop
- Arabian chief-tain
- for air
- Voided escutcheon
- Macaws

41. God of love

- Serf
- Firmament
- Candlenut tree



SOLUTION to previous Crossword Puzzle



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Julia
Roseline
Arnold

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With thanks to our God and great joy we announce the birth of our son

GEORGE LESTER
A brother for Joanne and Gerdy.
Hein and Berthie Prinzen

R.R. 1, Jarvis, Ontario.
June 10, 1970.

With deep gratitude to God we announce the birth of our daughter

BERNICE GRACE
June 15, 1970.

A sister for Fred, Henry, William and Jerry.
Henk and Diny Bergsma

R.R. No. 1, Jordan Station, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mollinga of Stoney Creek, Ont. are happy to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

JOYCE KLARA
to
MR. ROBERT WAYNE MASSEY
of Troy, Ontario.

The wedding will take place D.V. on Saturday, July 4th, 1970 at 4:00 o'clock in the First Hamilton Christian Ref. Church, 181 Charlton Ave. W., Hamilton, Ont.

Rev. W. L. van der Beek officiating.

7 Rosedale Drive,
Stoney Creek, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Marten Zwier, R.R. 1, Wellandport, Ont. are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

ALICE
to
MR. ROBERT DOUMA
son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dauma, R.R. 3, Wellandport, Ontario.

The ceremony will take place in the Riverside Chr. Ref. Church Wellandport, D.V. Saturday, July 11, 1970, 11 o'clock.

Future address:
R.R. 3, Wellandport, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rhebergen of Brighton, Ont. are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter

JOHANNA CHRISTINA
to
HARRY HOUTMAN
son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Houtman of Trochu, Alberta.

The wedding will take place D.V. on Saturday, July 11, 1970 at 3 P.M. at the Ebenezer Chr. Ref. Church in Trenton, Ont.

Rev. R. Kooistra and seminary G. Pols officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Arie Verboom of Courtland, Ont. with to announce the engagement of their daughter

CHRISTINE
to

MR. WILLIAM VERHOEF
son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Verhoef, R.R. 8, St. Thomas, Ontario.

The wedding will take place on Friday, July 17, 1970, at 2:30 o'clock in the Netherlands Ref. Congregation in Norwich, Ont.

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The Lord willing on June 26, 1970 we hope to remember with our parents

WILLIAM F. GRUTER
and
HELENA J. M. GRUTER
(nee VanderBrugge)

the occasion of their 35th wedding anniversary.

We, the children, are grateful to the Lord for His abiding faithfulness and pray that they may have years of health and happiness together.

Irene and John Van Hoffen, Grimsby, Ont.
Ineke and Tony Tol, Amsterdam
Rudy
Erik and Carla
and 6 grandchildren

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Winnipeg 4, Man.

Op 16 juni 1970 heeft de Here thuis gehaald Zijn kind, na een langdurige ziekte, onze innig geliefde Man, Vader en Grootvader

BOUKE JAGT
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Psalm 116 : 4

"Ik ben verlost, God heeft u welgedaan."

Echtgenoot:
Anna Maria Jagt,
Stoney Creek, Ont.
Kinderen:
Lammert en Corrie Jagt
Strathmore, Alta.
Evert en Trudy Jagt,
Grimsby, Ont.

Albert en Penny Jagt,
Waterdown, Ont.
Jerry en Anja Jagt,
Painiswick, Ont.
Dirk en Carole Jagt,
Strathmore, Alta.
Tini en Andries Scholing
Leslieville, Alta.
Bouke en Sharon Jagt,
Grimsby, Ont.
Onno Marinus en
Terry Jagt,
Grimsby, Ont.
en 29 kleinkinderen.

De begrafenis heeft plaats gehad op 19 juni 1970, om 1.30 n.m. in de Fruitland Christian Reformed Church, Fruitland, Ontario.
90 King Street, Apt. 207
Stoney Creek, Ontario.

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JOHN VANDERTUIN

DATA CENTRE

June 24	Hollandse Dag in Hamilton District Chr. High School. Spreker: Rev. F. Guillaume van Brantford, Ont.
June 24	Dr. Mariano Di Gangi. Summer Fellowship in Knox Presb. Church, 630 Spadina Ave., Toronto.
July 1	Annual Andijker Picnic Prov. Park, Port Bruce, Ont.
July 1	Fryske Dei, Pinehurst Conservation Area, Highway 24A, between Paris and Guelph.
July 1	Dr. E. P. Clowney. Summer Fellowship in Knox Presb. Church, 630 Spadina Ave., Toronto.
July 6 - Aug. 21	Summer School 1970 for Christian School Teachers. Toronto District Chr. High School, Woodbridge, Ont.
July 9, 10, 11	Calvinist Cadet Counsellors' Convention in Niagara Falls, Ont., Sheraton Hotel. Special banquet for Cadet and Calvinette Counsellors on June 10, 6.30 p.m. For information contact C. Zietma, R.R. 1, Grimsby, Ont.
August 11	Organ Concert by John VanderTuin, Central United Church, Brandon, Man.
July 31 - Aug. 3	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Niagara Christian College, Niagara, Ont. Lecturers: Mr. C. T. McIntire, Dr. J. H. Olthuis.
Aug. 12	Rev. R. A. Crooks. Summer Fellowship in Knox Presb. Church, 630 Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Aug. 26	Dr. Joel Nederhood. Summer Fellowship in Knox Presb. Church, 630 Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Sept. 1 - 3	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Bellevue Christian School, Bellevue (near Seattle), Washington. Lecturers: Dr. A. H. DeGraaff, Dr. J. H. Olthuis.
Sept. 4 - 7	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Concordia College, Edmonton, Alta. Lecturers. Mr. C. T. McIntire, Mr. M. Vrieze.
Sept. 4 - 7	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Cultus Lake, near Vancouver, B.C. Lecturers: Dr. A. H. DeGraaff, Dr. J. H. Olthuis.
Sept. 4 - 7	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Camp Okoboji, Iowa, U.S.A. Lecturers: Mr. J. A. Olthuis, Dr. H. E. Runner, Mr. G. Vandezande.
Sept. 11 - 14	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Teen-Age Challenge Youth Resort, Holland, Michigan, U.S.A. Lecturers: Mr. C. T. McIntire, Dr. B. Zylstra.
Oct. 16-17	A.A.C.S. Study Conference, Pinebrook, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Lecturers: Mr. C. T. McIntire, Dr. B. Zylstra.

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RUNNING WITH THE HERD: This baby buffalo is only a few hours old but already on its feet and running with the herd at Rattlesnake Point Conservation Area near Milton, Ont. The herd is growing rapidly. This is the tenth born to it since buffalo were introduced to the conservation area three years ago.



FROM THE BOOKSHELF

"THEREFORE HAVE I SPOKEN",

A Biography of Herman Hoeksema.

By Gertrude Hoeksema.

Reformed Free Publishing Association, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

361 pages. Price \$5.95.

One may assume that most biographies are written by people who think highly of the person about whom they write. This biography is no exception. For its author, Gertrude Hoeksema, according to her own testimony, dearly loved him who was both her spiritual father, having been her pastor for most of her life, and her natural father-in-law for almost twenty years. Yet she claims that she tried hard to present his life objectively. Whether she has succeeded in this, or could do so, is, of course, somewhat problematic. For any one reading this book will have to admit that, even though she claims that she knew his faults, these do not become so clearly evident to the reader; but his virtues are more prominently displayed. However, we should not take this ill of her. On the contrary, such filial piety may be appreciated. We would not expect anything else from her. It is another question, however, whether others who knew Rev. Hoeksema personally, and the readers of this book in general, will always be able to muster the same appreciation. Suffice it to say that we are all possibly too close in time to be entirely objective in our evaluation of this truly remarkable man.

Personally this reviewer can state that he has enjoyed reading this book immensely, and that he believes the author has given us, if not a wholly unbiased portrayal of her hero, yet one which is essentially a true one. In fact, I believe with her that Herman Hoeksema was indeed a man with many and varied talents, a sincere individual, an extremely hard and faithful worker, an uncompromising idealist, and a valiant fighter for the truth as he saw it. Only I would add to this that his strong points at times also proved to be his weaknesses. For it seems to me that his great

talents could have been used to better advantage, if he had been less individualistic and more willing to co-operate with those who could not so readily follow the hard lines which he pursued. And, while it is a virtue to be a hard worker, yet, humanly speaking, he might have postponed his physical breakdown and lengthened his life, if he had been more careful of his health and taken his rest betimes. And so we might go on giving examples which would show that his strength sometimes became his weakness. Nevertheless, insofar as I knew Rev. Hoeksema personally, I did admire him, even though I could not always agree either with his methods of dealing with people or with his theological position. But I have never doubted that, being the character that he was, and holding the views which he did, he acted with honesty and sincerity.

Another observation which this reviewer wishes to make is that this book is not merely a biography, but also a grand apologetic for Hoeksema's doctrinal position. The author herself felt this. But since she was so convinced that her pastor was a great theologian, comparable even to Calvin, she felt justified in giving as much attention to his theology as to the story of his life. She expresses her avowed aim in writing thus: "This biography purposes to be not the eulogy of a great theologian and a talented man, nor an apologetic for his theology. It has been written as a contribution to the Reformed scene, to correct erroneous notions about Herman Hoeksema, to show the whole man in the light of his background and in his place in history, to clarify the circumstances and to try to understand the motivations of his speaking and writings. It has been written with the hope that the readers may be blessed: those who knew him and loved him may refresh themselves in reviewing his life, and those who did not know him may learn more of the firm principles, the staunch convictions, the keen insights, and the distinctive doctrines of this man of God."

The title of this book is taken from Psalm 116, verses 9 and 10: "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living: I believed,

therefore have I spoken." According to the author Hoeksema himself loved this Scripture passage as embodying the ideal to which he aspired. This is a fitting title also, because, if ever there was a man who had strong beliefs and an uncompromising determination to give expression to them, it was Herman Hoeksema. In fact, it was but natural that a man with such strong convictions and outspokenness would become a controversial figure in whatever circles he moved. Moreover, his exterior characteristics, such as his powerful physique, his piercing eyes, and his oftentimes brusque manner, coupled with his interior qualities, such as his keen intellect, his adamant character, his unbending will and determination to win in whatever contest he might be engaged, made him a man to be reckoned with.

The book is divided into three parts. The first, which is by far the most interesting because it is more personal, deals with his early life. As a child from a broken home he became a street-urchin, getting into all kinds of mischief. But at the age of 12, aided by a kind uncle, his mother obtained for him a scholarship to a trade school. Here he learned the blacksmith trade, which he plied until he was 18 years old, when he decided to emigrate to America. Landing on Chicago's near west side, he met with the usual difficulties that immigrants have to cope with. But four years later he enrolled in Calvin College. It was here that he first encountered the theological position of Professor Wm. Heyns to which he strongly reacted and which influenced him perhaps more than anything else to develop his own theological bias. For Professor Heyns taught a sort of covenant grace which all children of believing parents are supposed to receive and which enables them to either accept or reject God's covenant promises. To the young Hoeksema this smacked of Arminianism in the sphere of the covenant. So agitated did he become about this that he was inclined to quit school altogether. However, his pastor persuaded him to continue.

After graduation from Calvin Seminary, he accepted the call of the Fourteenth Street Christian Reformed Church of Holland, Michigan. The first years of his ministry were very stormy. Many of his parishioners, offended by his strong stand on Christian education, left his church. It was also during his pastorate in Holland that, as a member of the Synod of 1918, he became involved in the first serious doctrinal controversy in the Christian Reformed Church, known as the Bultema case.

The second part of the book deals with Hoeksema in his prime. It begins with a detailed description of his conflict with the Christian Reformed Church which led to his eventual break with that denomination and the formation of the Protestant Reformed Church. Especially in this part the author is less objective than she might have been. For in her presentation of this conflict she comes to the simple conclusion: "The Christian Reformed Church caused the separation." However, she never once presents the other side which as least would have tried to paint a different picture. Even the reviewer, writing in the Grand Rapids Press, detected this weakness and wrote: "It is perhaps the unchallenged statement of the above quotation that would suggest to the reader that this may be a one-sided account. . . . The reader is left with a few unanswered questions."

The remainder of this second part deals with Hoeksema as the polemicist, the expositor and the author being pleasantly interspersed, however, with a chapter on the man and his family. Herein the reader is given a glimpse of the more affectionate and softer side of the man who himself said that he loved a good fight.

The third and final part is rather brief, as it deals with his later days. It contains only three chapters. The first, entitled "The Stricken Restored," relates the unexpected and remarkable recovery he made from his severe stroke of paralysis. The second tells about the serious split which came in his own denomination. When one reads this chapter he cannot help but feel sorry for the man who

in his declining years still had to go through such a terrible ordeal; the more so, because this reviewer is convinced that those who opposed Hoeksema, even though they had become doctrinally more balanced, yet in reality were no longer true to their original Protestant Reformed position. Hoeksema as least was consistent. He had not changed, as was averred by those who parted company with him.

The final chapter, entitled "The Fighter Finished," is a brief account of Rev. Hoeksema's last days before he was taken to that place where all strife shall cease forever and we shall know as we have been known of God.

In conclusion, this reviewer would like to make a few remarks of his own about Hoeksema's theological approach which prompted him to take the position which he did. I believe the author of this biography herself describes it correctly in these words: "He believed that God is a logical God, and that man could find this logic in His Word. Hoeksema had formulated or reformulated some cardinal concepts consistent with Scripture. He believed he was right; he knew he was right; he was determined to press for the right. It was all-important to his whole life."

However, that which the author considers to have been his strength, I would rather his weakness. Hoeksema never seemed to doubt that what he could logically conceive of as being true was then also necessarily identical with what was in the mind of God and revealed in Scripture. It was this extreme hankering for logical conceivability that prompted him to formulate his so-called cardinal concepts in such a way that the scriptural data had to conform to them. He seemingly failed to realize that God's revelation cannot be cramped into the straight-jacket of human logic. And when he tried to do this nevertheless, he fell into the same error that Arminians succumbed to. For, just as the latter, by its deductive logic, was forced to conclude that man cannot be held responsible for his acts, unless he also has an indeterminate free will that makes God's election

of him conditional; so Hoeksema, arguing logically in the opposite direction, maintained that, since God is God and absolutely sovereign, there could never be a sincere offer of salvation made to all men promiscuously. He had to maintain an ultra-supralapsarian position, namely, that the council of God is realized equally and in the same manner in the reprobate as in the elect. In this way he came in direct conflict with the classical Reformed position as enunciated in the Conclusion of the Synod of Dordt, in which it is clearly stated that "this teaching . . . that God by a mere arbitrary act of His will, without the least respect or view to any sin, has predestinated the greater part of the world to eternal damnation, and . . . that in the same manner in which the election is the fountain and cause of faith and good works, reprobation is the cause of unbelief and impiety, . . . is not acknowledged but detested by the Reformed Churches."

This I believe was the greatest weakness in Hoeksema's theology. He did not realize that a truly biblical theology can never become a perspicuous causal monism. Bavinck and all other Reformed theologians have always maintained that, although the fall, sin, and punishment were, in a certain sense, willed by God, they were never willed by Him in the same manner as grace and salvation. But while I deplore this one-sided theological development of Hoeksema's theology, I do not in the least wish to detract from the fact that he was a competent theologian and an able exponent of the traditional Reformed position. At the present time, however, that whole theological debate that resulted in the break between Hoeksema and the Christian Reformed Church appears rather abstract and irrelevant, in view of the much more basic and fundamental issues that we must wrestle with now.

A. Persenaire.

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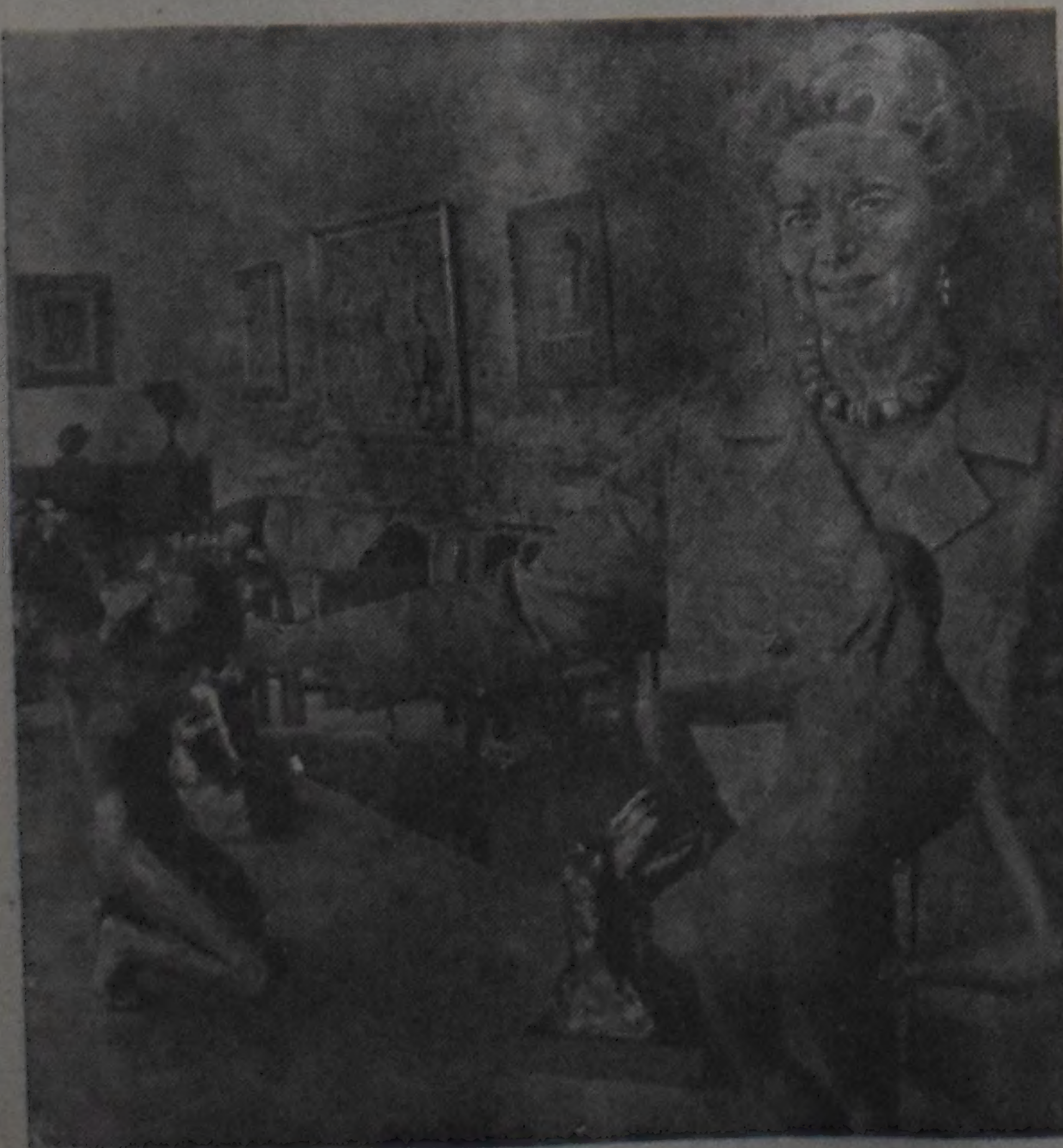
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(Globe and Mail Photo)